

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

What would be the effect on Canada if the United States were to go to war with Great Britain? Although I reckon that our Yankee neighbors have more bluster than fight in them, the present attitude of the two nations is such that either a fight or a straight "back-down" must ultimately end the tension. Without confessing himself as nothing better than a noisy and meddlesome braggart, Uncle Sam must go through the performance of appointing commissioners "to arrive at the facts" of the Venezuelan boundary. England may forbid them to enter the disputed territory, as has been suggested, and thus force hostilities or a collapse of the Monroe doctrine. But the United States commissioners will not be fence-viewers and are likely to go no further than the "archives" of the nations concerned and make a show of examining maps and documents. If so, they may find it to their interest to discover, after the Presidential election is over, proof of the validity of England's claims, and as gracefully as possible acknowledge them and get out of the scrape backwards. Then, again, they may insist upon the territory claimed by Venezuela being given up, and England refusing will have to try force on the South American Republic and become embroiled in war with the United States. That the Yankees would receive assistance from other South American republics is doubtful. Mexico would be against her, for the latter owes Jonathan an old grudge and knows from experience what a mean thief and swindler the Gringo is nationally. England's enemies in Europe would doubtless embarrass her, but Canada would be the scene of much of the trouble.

While England would be bombarding the cities of the United States coast, our neighbors to the south would be burning our barns, robbing our banks and stealing our horses and hens. This would be unpleasant and might interrupt business, but it would furnish occupation for our unemployed. Of course our visitors would not be left entirely uninterrupted in their self-imposed task of rendering us houseless or lifeless, and this would involve every male Canadian capable of bearing arms in the somewhat disagreeable and dangerous task of killing invaders and taking numerous chances of being killed by them. This would be war as we would find it, and if the United States pension lists represent one honest pensioner to every three frauds, their veterans are numerous as well as costly. Almost thirty years have elapsed since the armies of the North and South were disbanded, and men who were in the prime of life then are old men now, yet the United States would not be without a considerable number of veteran officers of a petty sort, though only possessing a handful (less than 30,000) regular troops. Her state militia is skilled in fancy drill, but inferior to our volunteer force in genuine work.

It might seem at first glance as if a nation of sixty millions would find little trouble in gobbling up five million Canadians, but fortunately for us they would have to leave home and come after us, and we would hardly be foolish enough to group ourselves so as to be easily "had." Then, too, the hunters would often be hunted, and, being far away from home and a hiding place, would get caught. Furthermore, as Canada would not have to do all the fighting, Great Britain would make it necessary for a million at least of the Yankees to stay at home along the sea coasts and Canadian frontier in order to protect the country from invasion. As it is recognized as difficult for a nation to successfully invade while being invaded, Canada would very likely be able to take care of herself, though, of course, many of our towns and cities would be burned and our battlefields filled with corpses of those we loved as well as with the bodies of those who hated us.

Make light of it as we may while it is yet afar off, or may never come, war with our neighbors would be a horrible affair. Not only would there be the suffering, the mutilation and massacre which a modern war would imply on a gigantic scale, which would result immediately, but a legacy of hate, revenge and retaliation would be the bitter portion of the generations to come. The real picture would be so red with the blood of those dear to us, so lurid with the smoke and flames of the homes we love, so vocal with the agony of the wounded and dying and the wailing of the bereft, that we cannot bear to look upon it or believe it possible as representing the settlement of a difficulty between two "Christian" nations.

Yet war is not yet a thing of the past, and the arbitrament of arms is still the last resort of even civilized peoples. Strange, too, that as we think of it and talk of it, the blood runs faster through one's veins, the voice grows louder and eyes flash as if the combat grew near! It is a dangerous thing to talk about, and yet two of the greatest nations the world has ever seen are discussing it as if they were not playing with fire. Yes, and Canada

is talking about it too, and the people are saying that if the worst comes to the worst it will be seen that Canadians will again show that they can fight and die but never yield.

We have our faults, and disheartening as it may be to see them pointed out and be forced to confess to their existence, yet we can truthfully say, individually and as a people, we are not physical cowards. There is fight in every one of us and loyalty to old England in every heart that has a drop of British blood coursing through it. Moreover, an unconscious patience and fortitude have come to us with the difficulties and struggles we have undergone in building up a country which is so vast and little understood, which would make us accept as fate anything but surrender. The British Canadians are not a

night. He denounced card-playing, the ball-room and theater-going in terms which must have convinced those of his audience who have seen these amusements under respectable auspices, that Rev. Joseph Odery did not know what he was talking about. "Nine out of ten women," he said, "who lead lives of shame gained their love for gaiety and passion in the social dance." Of course the preacher did not pause to say where he got his statistics. Certainly not from those gathered by any State or institution, for no reliable figures collected by any statistician, living or dead, agree with those of the Rev. Joseph. If he got them directly from the people described he certainly has a list of that sort of acquaintances much larger than is possessed by the average clergyman. In my newspaper rounds I have heard the lady presidents of charitable and reclamation societies read

and if this is his claim, why, there is no use arguing with him.

In dealing with theater-going, the Reverend Joseph admitted that "some plays were not bad and that those of the immortal Shakespeare teach good lessons, and if produced in some forms might do good, but," said he, "I would rather sever my right arm than go inside of a theater and associate with the people found there." Come, now, Mr. Odery, do not rhetorically sacrifice your right arm so recklessly, but tell us in all soberness, what do you know about theaters and "the people found there?" Are you talking about the Bowery or some music halls you saw on your travels when you went away for your health? At any rate, do not be so sweeping in your assertions. You have not been in the Grand Opera House, have you? Because if your visit there was on an occa-

she would have with her a couple of daughters that she and their father were not afraid to have go to the theater; consequently when you, Mr. Odery, whether you are generally styled "Reverend" or not, make such sweeping denunciations of those who go to the theater, I have only to say that I think you are a good deal of an evil speaker and falsifier.

There was much more in Mr. Odery's sermon which indicated anything but a clean imagination, and conclusively proved dense ignorance; also a haste to speak evil, which, to say the least, is unscriptural and unmanly. I do not assert that all plays are good, but many of the modern plays are not so broad as the Shakespearean drama, which he commends, and do teach good lessons. But few plays indeed teach bad lessons, and these are mostly produced in theaters which must be hunted for by those who are after that sort of thing. Yet Mr. Odery says they are all "immoral, lewd and suggestive, and the vast majority of actors are base and wicked." In conclusion I can only tell this so-called evangelist that if any actor in any theater that I have ever been in—and for years my business took me to the theaters very frequently, and for the past eight years I have lived next door to a theater and under the same roof, and I say it advisedly—if any actor in any decent theater were to speak as much evil of his fellowman or suggest the existence of as much lewdness as a component part of the average man or woman, as was spoken or suggested by Mr. Odery in the Berkeley street church, he would be hissed off the stage and driven out of the business.

A very good suggestion comes to me from a friend much interested in hospitals and that kind of work, which it would be to the interest of those managing that sort of institutions to consider. During the past few years great advances have been made in the building, equipment and management of hospitals, but little or nothing has been done to provide accommodation for those who by reason of old age or chronic ill-health require a certain amount of nursing, and yet are not sick enough to be properly considered fit subjects for a hospital. For instance, take the case of a childless widow with whom I am acquainted. She has an income of eight or ten dollars a week, not sufficient to keep up a house of her own and provide herself with a nurse, yet quite sufficient to support her in comfort in a sanitarium which might profitably be connected with any of the hospitals in the smaller cities. She is more or less of an invalid and feels that she is a nuisance in a boarding-house, and I would not affirm that she is not so considered. In the average boarding-house neither mistress nor maids have much time to devote to invalids, and their fellow-boarders feel themselves robbed of half their liberty if they cannot slam doors, and play the piano, and practice on the violin to their hearts' content.

In a simple and comfortable sanitarium this good lady, who has probably ten or fifteen years of life still before her, could have all the attention from trained nurses that she needs—that is very little—and plenty of company to beguile the hours that are now so tedious; have food properly prepared and live in rooms properly heated. Such residents would be a source of income to a hospital, and a wing for their accommodation, costing but little, might easily be separated from the main building and have pleasant surroundings. The same kitchen and laundry would answer, and five dollars a week would be a sufficient charge. A dollar or two a week in addition would furnish all the clothing necessary, and a place would thus be provided in which invalids and those who are growing old without any solicitude and gentle ones to take care of them, could pass the evening of their days with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of expense.

In Germany there are many of these institutions, delightfully situated, graded as to expensiveness, and provided with libraries and little amusement-rooms that are almost perfect. I have often thought that the people living there were really enjoying themselves more than the average person under similar conditions of health does in the average home. All over Ontario there are well equipped hospitals of various sizes, the majority of them situated in or near large towns or small cities. Almost invariably the most perfect site is selected for the hospital; clever and gentle women are in charge, and the nurses are recruited from amongst the best educated and kindest-hearted of our women. In many of these hospitals it is almost impossible to keep a sufficient staff on account of the small number of patients who are to be ministered to, but this plan would enlarge the scope of it. By mutual arrangements between the boards of trustees of hospitals, sanitariums might be added, each institution having a minimum figure, so that social distinctions based on the amount paid would not disturb the tranquillity of those living in them. For instance, Kingston might have one price,

Continued on Page Four.



J. D. A. TRIPP, PIANIST AND CONDUCTOR.

See page 9.

particularly gay or cheerful people; there is, indeed, a solemnity about us that sometimes makes me laugh, particularly when I detect myself in over-seriousness, but it is the outward sign of an inward feeling that what is to be will be, and we can stand it no matter what it is. In a time of peace it may lead us to submit to wrongs and misgovernment rather than bother with resistance, but in time of war it would be a spirit that would beautify every page on which its history would be written. The All-wise God who permits wars, with their awful battles and carnage, knows best, and if such a thing were to come we would accept it as His will, and perchance after a baptism of blood we would be purified, strengthened and exalted into a great nation.

Rev. Joseph Odery preached a sermon on the popular amusements of the present day at Berkeley street Methodist church last Sunday

papers on this subject, and they have agreed that laziness and vanity, both of which are apt to be inborn, are the main cause of women joining the ostracized class. Ordinarily the wine cup is next in the list, though in temperance societies they generally give it the chief blame. I think that idleness and lack of proper means of relaxation, amusement, change and wholesome excitement may often be blamed for driving imaginative or over-repressed natures away from good but too sternly governed homes, into the paths which lead to ruin. Then, too, threatened starvation and insufficient wages—paid by church-going merchants and manufacturers perhaps—are not blameless by any means, though too often omitted as causes of sin by those who preach and read reports of institutions. However, the modern Joseph may know more about the modern Mrs. Potiphar than the statistician or the ladies who devote themselves to this work,

sion when a standard play was being presented by a good company, you might have run against a half a dozen clergymen who were present to see the performance rather than for the purpose of evangelizing either the audience or the actors. If that was the occasion, and the place, and the sort of a play you went to see, I can assure you that the clergymen were behaving themselves very well, but not a particle better than the rest of the audience. On almost any occasion you might have mingled in that theater, or any of the Toronto houses, with fifteen or twenty representatives of families who live in the same neighborhood that I do, and I can assure you that they are exceedingly good neighbors, well behaved, kind to the poor, ready to minister to the sick, and not unduly prone to speak evil of their neighbors. You might have sat in the next seat to a pure, good woman whom somebody is proud to call wife, and very probably

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A King Among Journalists.



THE death of George Augustus Sala has taken away the man who was universally admitted to have been a king among English journalists. Some competent critics went so far as to say that he was the king, but all granted him a place among the highest by reason of his length of

experience, versatility of talent and dexterity in weaving words into picturesque and pointed sentences. Whatever he wrote had a sparkle and flavor peculiarly his own. His lamented decease will send many back with quickened interest to the volume of reminiscences he published early this year. In *The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* we have the brilliant tale of a singularly able man who was an authority on almost every subject from how to eat a dinner up to the right method of putting a crown on a new king's head. It is safe to say that the book will have an exceptionally large circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is equally safe to say that nobody can fail to gather instruction as well as amusement from the abundant variety provided in its pages.

Sala was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He had to fight his way through great difficulties to success. Very touching are his memories of the total blindness which oppressed his childhood and of the struggle which came to his beautiful mother after his father's premature death. His first lessons in cookery—the subject on which he grew to be an unquestioned authority—were learned in preparing the supper for the little family while his mother was toiling for a pittance at the theater. Getting weary of the odd jobs at the theater which fell to his lot, he turned his hand to book illustrating and tiny etchings so soon as the skill of a surgeon restored his sight. The passion for writing laid hold of him and urged him to the composition of stories and sketches which won for him the recognition of Charles Dickens and other leaders in the literary world at that time. At the age of twenty he gave himself wholly up to journalism, and a few years later he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, where he remained to the end, playing many parts as leader writer, special correspondent and contributor on all kinds of subjects. He made the fortune of the paper, and the paper made his fortune, furnishing him with a sphere in which his many-sided ability could appear to advantage.

For years Sala was a leader in Bohemia, delighting in the wild frolics and gay carousals which journalists of that time counted recreation; but the quarrel in which his nose was split open led him to abandon Bohemia, marry a young lady with literary tastes and settle down to steady work. He dwells, in his *Reminiscences*, with frequent gratitude on the change which came over him when he had to labor for someone beside himself, and he pays a high tribute to the companion of his later life. The disfigured nose remained an unwelcome memento of the past. His enemies found pleasure in making fun of it, but they were more guarded in their comments after the libel suit in which a clever writer was fined five hundred pounds sterling for some slanderous remarks concerning the nose. Mr. Sala tells how, at a public meeting over which he presided, an unfriendly member of the audience shouted, "Where did you get your blooming nose?" To which he made the smart retort, "That organ is permanently blushing at the vices of the age."

It would be utterly impossible for us in the course of a short article to give any adequate conception of the wealth of information to be found in Mr. Sala's *Reminiscences*. He has been everywhere and seen everybody who is anybody. Graphic pictures of scenes in foreign lands, snatches of conversation with distinguished people, the smart sayings of wits, the ludicrous experiences of the shady side of life, and vivid descriptions of events which have now gone into history, unite in forming a book which must appeal to all sorts and conditions of readers. A Scotch haggis was defined by a son of the heather as "a fine mass of feeding." A somewhat similar criticism might with justice be applied to Mr. Sala's memories of places and people. There is feeding enough in it—a fine mass of feeding—and that it should be somewhat confused was inevitable when the matter was so miscellaneous. But the touch of the master hand is everywhere evident in the way things are put and in the setting given to an anecdote or an incident. The spirit displayed by the writer is very engaging. Seldom is he harsh or bitter. All through he is a laughing philosopher who has led a hard though a successful life, and who cordially acknowledges that he has found this existence of ours "much more amusing than dismal." Peace be to his memory!

For Christmas.

WHAT to give and how to give are questions of Christmas-tide, which sometimes interfere with repose and banish sleep. There are many things to choose from, but very often their number is a worry rather than a help. A few hints of new articles may aid some of the puzzled friends of SATURDAY NIGHT. The two real novelties of a purely ornamental sort are the blue Rookwood pottery and the Doulton-Holbein, and were there a thousand from which to choose scarcely one could be found more delicate in color than the one, more vigorously splendid than the other. For years we have been proud, and justly so, of our purely national faience, but until now its colors have all been of the deep rich reds, browns and greens. Quite recently the lovely blue was put upon the market, and it seems to have come just in time for the popular craze.

Delft is the pottery *par excellence* in the fashionable world, and all sorts of fine blue wares seem to shine by its light, as it were. In themselves and of themselves they are lovely in the extreme, but the fact of being the vogue gives them additional value as gifts. The blue Rookwood retains all the essential characteristics of the warmer tones and shows the same perfection of treatment. The Doulton-Holbein, while essentially different, is equally delightful and welcome, as a new thing is sure to be at Christmas-tide. It is substantial, as is all the Doulton ware, but, as its name suggests, owes its inspiration to the great painter's work. It is splendid, rich in color and in treatment, in every way a complete contrast to the dainty blue ware. Yet the two are the leading novelties of the season in fine pottery, and are quite similar in price.

Miniature buckles or belt clasps, too, are new and make lovely gifts for young girls. In price they range from nine to fifteen dollars, and may safely be said to be delightful at every stage. One of the higher-priced sort shows a setting of carved gold plated upon silver, and is seen on a belt of soft creamy white. Various colors in the belting are to be found as a matter of course, but no one acts as a more perfect fit for the clasp than pure white. Change-purses, themselves made of pure gold or silver, with heads set in the clasps, and most exquisite vinaigrettes with similar devices as stoppers, are also seen, and go to make up the almost endless number of objects on which this most popular form of decoration is to be found. Russian enamel, or enamel copied after the Russian—for of late we make our own—is another extremely elegant and most popular adornment for numbers of beautiful things shown in honor of Santa Claus. One of the newest is a bag of the *chateleine* order made of heavy silk or velvet, and showing a clasp of the gorgeous enamel. It is designed to hang from my lady's belt, and to keep safe her purse, her dainty handkerchief, and the like; but it has become an object of so great value as to require guarding for its own sake. From twenty-five dollars to seventy-five is the price given, and even at the lowest the bag is a really splendid affair.

Photograph-frames, belt-clasps, spoons and ladies of varying use, all are seen in the wonderful blues and translucent reds that seem more like jewels than enamel; but the latest development on an extravagant scale is the making of stands in place of saucers for the tiny coffee-cups of after-dinner use. These are certainly exquisite. They show perfect coloring and graceful shape. The cup rests within and is handleless, the stand being supplied with the handle, and all being raised to the lips. A complete service showing the cups, stands, spoons and server runs away up into the hundreds in price, but is to be valued as an art product, even though its possession be left to the few.

A pretty trifle that is sure of a place on any lady's desk is an appointment card, which provides for all the days of the week. It is artistic as well as useful, so that even the strict rule of making a gift for its beauty alone might allow of including it and sundry other devices of a similar sort. But a decoration known as Delft, and that is an outgrowth of the mania for the pretty, is still more novel, although it scarcely can be said to resemble the famous Dutch vases and plaques, for it is sketched on blue linen in white paint. It is extremely dainty, nevertheless, and makes one more acceptable decoration from which to select. Whole sets for the writing-desk can be purchased for five dollars, and single pieces, such as a calendar, blotter, and the like, for such small sums as fifty and seventy-five cents.

As a matter of fact, the market is well supplied. Christmas buyers have need only to fix each upon her own limit and to abide thereby. For fifty cents some attractive trifle can be bought. For fifty dollars a gift of elegance can be selected with ease. Between the two is infinite variety. Wisdom and peace do but demand that when one dollar is the limit of outlay, objects worth ten times the sum shall be ignored. Weariness and exhaustion are the only results of the continued attempt to make one stretch itself into five. Good taste and a kind heart will be sure to find something suitable, let the limit be what it may. If the struggle to emulate a richer neighbor or to make a more pretentious showing could but be eliminated from the season of peace and good-will, how much happier we all should be, how much more truly merry our Christmas day!

LA MODE.

How to Take a Bath.

Pick-Me-Up.

EVERY Englishman is taught to say there is nothing in the world which he likes so much as his morning tub. I am afraid, however, that there is a great deal more talk about it than anything else, if one may judge from the number of lank-haired and greasy looking men one meets about, even in quite smart sets, and I am sorry to say that women—more especially respectable women—are very shy of soap and water. To be quite frank, I am not altogether surprised, that is to say, I can easily account for it. The greatest fraud on earth is the Englishman's cold tub, and it is because so few people take it that so many people talk about it, for fear they should be suspected of shying at it. Could anything be more wickedly cruel than to expect a young man or a young girl to slip out of the warm bed on a cold winter's morning and trickle iced water down his or her back, or splash it over his or her chest? To do so is the act of a savage whose hide is caked with dust, and no one but a civilized idiot with suicidal mania would attempt it. And could anything in the world be more futile? If you don't believe me, rinse your hands, that you have just smothered in pomatum, in cold water, and see if you are satisfied with the result. This talk about cold pig is the real foundation of half the dirt and disease in the world. There is only one way to be clean and comfortable; get accustomed early in life to have your morning bath hot. You will never, then be afraid to face it,

and when anybody begins to swagger about his cold tub, say frankly you do not believe it is cleanly, and that you always, for that reason, have yours hot. You will find everybody but a few idiots and a few dirty people agree with you, and you will find everybody speak of you as a nice, clean, well groomed boy. And that is one of the chief reputations worth attaining.

Other men may be better-looking than you are, more brilliant conversationalists than you are, and, in a few years, younger than you are, but, mark my word, the men who have the greatest successes are the neatly tubbed boy and the nice, clean old man. And, to get back to where I started this digression from, you will find it the most refreshing after a bad night.

And while you are taking your tub, my boy, take a good one. Don't have one that resembles the saucer which you give a pet canary to splash in. Have it deep, and fill it up so that when you get in you are up to your neck in boiling water, and sit there and soak, and don't be ashamed to pour in plenty of eau de Cologne, toilet vinegar or Pasta Mack, which makes it smell sweet and gives it a delicious bite.

If you get yourself used to such a bath you would not be without it when "the owl for all his feathers was a-cold," as Keats has it. When your skin is as red as pickled cabbage, let your man come in with a wooden bowl in which three or four pieces of scented soap and hot water have been beaten up into a beautifully creamy lather by a whisk, which you can buy at any Turkish bath.

Then make him paint you with this white hot foam and scrub you all over with the whisk. When you have washed this off, and stand in front of a large hot fire, wrapped in a large fleecy towel dressing-gown, you will feel like Faust rejuvenated, and that every bead of last night's champagne has bubbled through every pore, and that you are ready to face a good dish of fried kidneys and bacon and a couple of big hot cups of tea or coffee.

Lynching a High Crime.

By James Harrison in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A lynching is a usurpation—a dethronement of our constitutional king—the law—and the crowning of a cruel and unbridled tyrant. No excuses nor extenuation should be allowed, for none will hold in a State where the courts are in the orderly exercise of their powers, and the judges are subject to impeachment. The persons who are the victims of mob violence are mostly not the rich and the influential, but the ignorant and the friendless—those of whom an undue influence with courts and juries cannot be predicated; and the imputed crimes are mostly of a nature to exclude the sympathy of the trial officers. The feet of justice may well be quickened without any loss of dignity or certainty; but the ineffectual, the open trial, the judicial sentence and execution are the constitutional rights of every man accused of crime; and every citizen is under the highest obligation to make the case his own when they are denied to any other citizen. A lynching brutalizes those who take part in it, and demoralizes those who consent to or excuse the act. Crime is not repressed, but stimulated. The evidence has not been taken; and to his friends the man is a victim whose blood calls for revenge. The frequency of this high crime against the law, and the immunity that attends its commission in our country have suggested an organized movement for its repression. As a nation we are inexpressibly shamed by these lynchings, and a broad movement on National lines to educate public sentiment, and to enlighten the slumbering consciences of our citizens is desirable and timely. There should be a medal of honor for the sheriff or jailer who, at the risk of his life, and in the face of an inflamed community, defends his prisoner against the mob. The man who loathes the guilty and cowering wretch in his custody, and yet dares to defend him from a mob because the law makes it his duty to keep him and to present him before the lawful tribunal, is worthy of a monument. I can think of no higher test of the loyalty of a soul to duty.

Kindly Intentions.

Answers.

In a Yorkshire church on a recent Sunday a pair of spectacles was put upon the offertory plate. The churchwarden courteously handed them back, supposing them to have been put there in absence of mind, but the donor again deposited them on the plate, and, not wishing to make a scene, the official finished his collection, and the spectacles were duly presented with the other alms.

However, after the close of the service, he took them down to the donor (who was a stranger to the place), and said he feared these were given by mistake.

Judge of his surprise on being assured it was intentional, and no mistake; that the reader of the lessons had made so many blunders in reading that he presumed he could not see, and so presented him with a pair of spectacles.

Oil and Water.

Washington Star.

"I'm very unfortunate," said the young artist.

"You are deficient in one important quality," replied his candid friend.

"What is that?"

"Tact. When Mr. Greesem came to see you about a portrait, you never stopped to think that he made his fortune out of a lucky streak in kerosene."

"Never."

"And you told him he ought to have his picture done in oil, and he didn't leave the order."

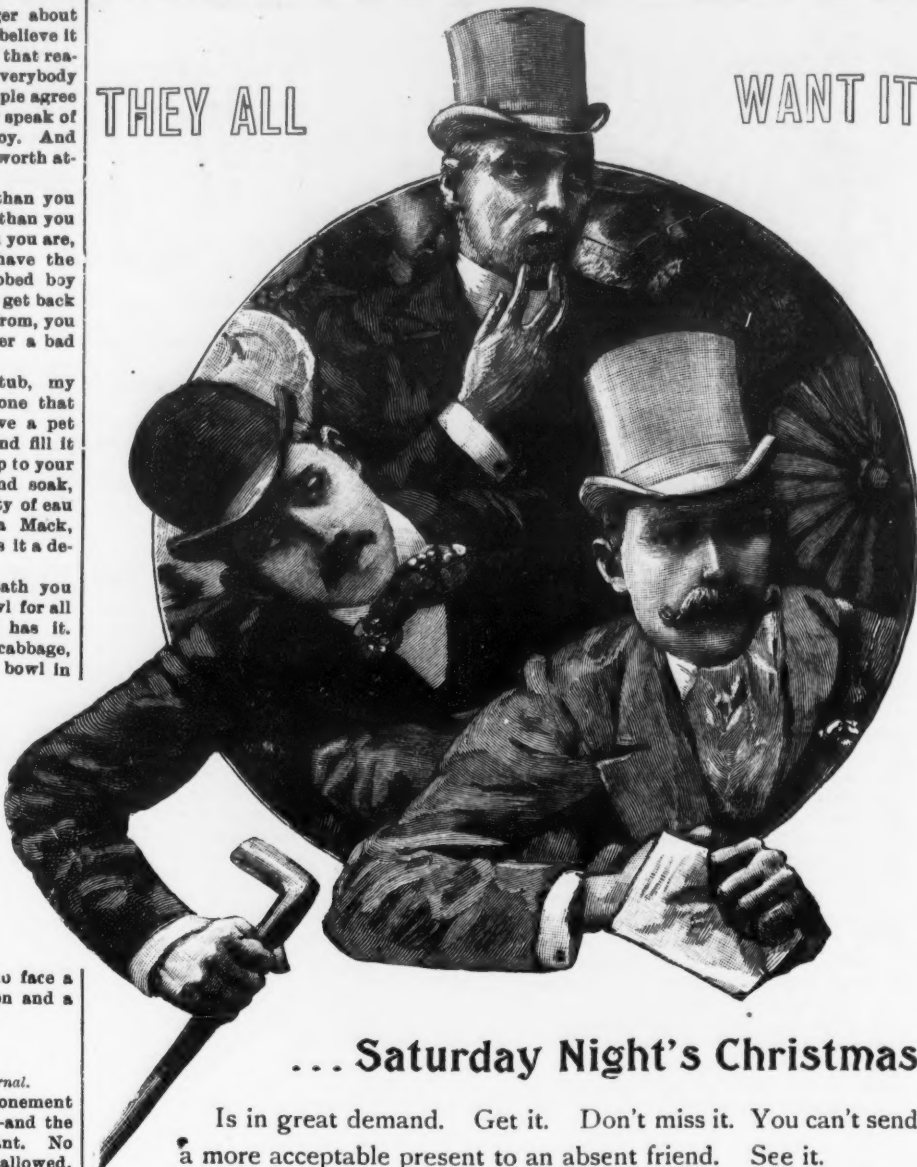
"That's so."

"And when Mr. Skimker, who has prospered as a dairyman, called at your studio, you rushed from Scylla to Charybdis and advised him to be done up in water-colors. You're a good painter, my boy, but what you need is discretion."

Traveler—I say, miss, there's no meat in this sandwich. Waitress—No? Traveler—Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—*Pearson's Weekly*.

THEY ALL

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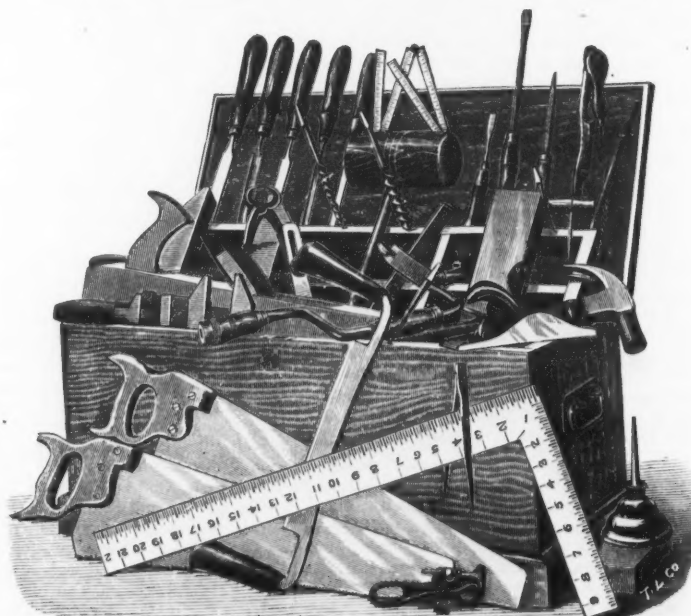
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Among the pictures of note in our city are a number in a collection, the half of whose glories will not be told here, which are well able to afford a long afternoon of pleasure to an art-lover, a lifetime of enjoyment to their owner. For mellow richness of color, simplicity and emphasis in arrangement and deep pathos, The Penitents by Ulrich is remarkable—two kneeling figures in a cathedral, one with upturned face and the other with bowed head in a grief-stricken attitude, in the distance a glimpse of column and arch lighted from an unseen window. A broadly painted scene at the seaside is by Blommers; in it are the figures of several children wading, full of action, a feeling of atmosphere throughout. A forest scene by De Haegman is much in the manner of Diaz. A sketch by Ernest Parton, a snow scene by Louis Apol, a water-color study of an old man digging in the garden among his cabbages by Claude Hayes, several marines full of fine color by T. B. Hardy, a far-reaching expanse of field with the wide open sky, so often seen in his pictures, by Pelouse—these are all delightful. A large water-color by Albert Neuhaus shows the figure of a young girl seated in an easy attitude gazing earnestly at a picture, only the edge of which we see; the grays in the dress and bow, the grace of the picture and the expression of the earnest face are all worthy of the great artist. A large canvas by Otto Sinding is evidently historical; the tone of the landscape is very dark, with a lurid streak of light on the horizon, against which the spears of a party are plainly seen in pursuit of the horseman in the foreground, who looks behind him anxiously as he urges his horse. A most valuable and interesting picture (not canvas) by Teniers is painted on copper; the whimsical idea portrayed is several monkeys playing cards at a low table; the tones are dark with a good deal of color. A woman with tilted skirts peering anxiously out of the window as she shades her eyes with her hand, is the subject of a picture by Thomas Faed, R.A. Near it hangs one by Mayr Gratz; a gentleman in the dress of a hundred years ago stands reading with his back to a window, the light falling on the outline of head and book, and on close inspection the dark shadow of the rest of the picture reveals much of form and color. A large canvas in oils by Eckenfelder is in the best style of the Dutch school—strongly, solidly painted, full of human interest; it is only four horses in the field, but they are horses; the landscape has atmosphere, and is in harmony with the subject. Two landscapes, by J. K. Lawson, are respectively a dark forest interior and a hot noon-day scene on a house-top in Algiers—both cleverly painted. Among other pictures here, are a little landscape by W. Maris, two cows with a windmill in the distance, full of soft sunshine; two cattle, places by Storkenbeker; a small, bright street scene by Prout; a landscape with cattle by Wolbers; a water-color landscape by Poggenbeek; two water-colors by F. J. du Chattel, gray sky and gray water, separated by a line of old houses and shipping that show some fine reds and browns; a landscape by

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Wissenbruch; a road on which are two travelers, by P. Burmeister; an excellent example of the work of D. A. C. Artz, now so much sought for since there will no more be anything new; a canvas by P. J. C. Gabriel; the laughing face of a young girl by E. Muller; a bit of still-life fruit, by M. Sadak, and another of flowers by E. Krummach; two views of a wheatfield with reapers at work and a soft diffused sunlight by A. Giebl; two small sunny water-colors by Chartres; several very fine examples of the work of F. C. V. Ede in cattle pieces, worthy a longer notice; a misty morning scene by Perry; two excellent specimens of landscape by Homer Watson; and a large marine water-color by L. R. O'Brien.

The teachers and students of the Toronto School of Painting, Avenue Chambers, on the corner of College street and Spadina avenue, gave an exhibition of the work accomplished during the term at a very pleasant At Home last Saturday afternoon. The work of the advanced having been previously on view, the walls were covered with that of beginners, and consisted of sketches from the cast and life in crayon and charcoal, simply arranged groups of still life in oils, and a few outdoor sketches. The stream of visitors that came and went all afternoon and evening were hospitably entertained and had an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the methods used and their results, in the very able drawings exhibited. Miss Houston, who after Christmas will be in charge of the china painting, displayed a table of very pretty decorated china, which spoke well for her ability as a teacher.

Mr. Carl Ahrens' studio, Avenue Chambers, corner College and Spadina, will be open to the public to-day from ten a.m. to four p.m. This will be the first time Mr. Ahrens' studio has been open to the public in three years.

Mr. Walter Paris, the water colorist, has been giving a private exhibition of his recent work in Boston, and the Transcript says of it "Mr. Paris succeeds in representing, with much veracity, the appearance of the woods, the brooks, the lichen boulders, and mossy ledges, and the golden green light which is filtered through the leaves when the sun shines above the forests; and his studies of the fascinating cascades and mountain streams which abound in the neighborhood of the White Mountain Notch are highly praiseworthy and attractive. His decorative studies, too, are excellent, particularly those based on the beech bough, with yellowing foliage, the sprays of sweet peas and of pansies, and an old motive of horse-chestnut branches on a gold ground, done some years ago in England, at the time

when Mr. Paris's designs won the favor of Alma-Tadema, Leighton and Poynter, and were used as models in the South Kensington School of Art. Mr. Paris will have a studio in New York this winter."

The London Standard notes that, although we are accustomed to class engraving among the modern arts, it would seem that the Romans had a method of inserting the likeness of a writer in his book, which, to say the least, served the purpose of engraving. Martial and Seneca and Cicero allude to it; the invaluable Pliny gives a clear statement, but he does not seem to have understood the process. "By some means or other," says he, "Marcus Varro introduced the portraits of seven hundred individuals in his numerous books, as he could not bear the idea that all trace of their features should be lost." These illustrations were reproduced somehow, for "not only did Varro confer immortality" upon the author's features, "but also he transmitted them to all parts of the earth, so that anywhere it might be possible to see them." Pliny calls this a "most blessed invention," and if it were not engraving, what could it have been? The learned have been enquiring and debating for three hundred years, but they will never agree. Any day, however, Heruleum may yield some old papyrus which will decide the question.

The court of Rheims, France, has just decided a case of special interest to art-collectors. Toward the end of 1893, M. Alvin Beaumont, a well known painter and expert of Rheims, discovered a rather dirty old painting on copper in the shop of Madame Laperonne, an art-dealer, who called it a "religious painting." Having offered two Louis XV. armchairs and a casket of the period of Francis I. in exchange for it, the bargain was accepted and carried out. On removing the coat of dust and dirt on the painting, in the presence of Madame Laperonne, M. Beaumont was not a little astonished, and the dealer disappointed, at the discovery that the painting was a genuine and remarkable Visitation by Rubens. Naturally M. Beaumont refused to cancel the transaction and the dealer brought an action against him. At the trial, counsel for M. Beaumont claimed that the case was one of treasure-trove, but the court held that, Madame Laperonne having sold the picture as a "religious" subject, without specifying the name of the painter, the contingencies were equal on both sides. Had M. Beaumont, for instance, discovered his bargain to be mere rubbish after cleaning the painting he would not, on that account, have been justified in claiming the cancelling of the transaction. The plaintiff's suit was, therefore, dismissed.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Gounod and the Duke.

The half-brother of the reigning Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who died the other day at the age of fifty-one, was a very popular man. He resided in Lower Austria—the home of non-regnant princes—and was a bachelor. The late Duke was a musician of considerable merit and author of several dramatic works, none of which were, however, ever performed. In connection with this harmless fact we would tell the following authentic anecdote which has never been in print before, although it is a well known yarn in Vienna. The Duke wrote both music and plays, and as all the courtiers to whom he showed these productions pronounced them masterpieces, in course of time the Prince—although by no means a fool, and of course very familiar with the lying ways of sycophants—began to really imagine that he could, if he tried, produce something worth being performed. So he set himself diligently to work to compose an opera, and chose as a subject Mary Queen of Scots. He largely borrowed from the splendid tragedy by Schiller, but what he borrowed he so messed about and ruined that he made it quite his own. When he had finished this wonderful work he showed it to the Empress of Austria, who told him it was a masterpiece; then he showed it to the mother of the Queen Regent of Spain, and she said the same thing. The poor Duke was pleased, but still feared that the opinion of these august friends was biased, and so determined to get the best opinion, and given without the critic knowing the rank of the author. So he went to Paris, presented himself to Gounod under the name of Schwartz, and left the MS. with the great maestro. The following morning it was returned to him at his hotel with these words on a sheet of note-paper: "C'est trop bete pour Guignol (It is too stupid for Punch and Judy).—CHARLES GOUNOD.

Precaution.



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A CHRISTMAS GIFT

By ADELINE SERGEANT

Author of "Jacob's Wife," "Under False Pretenses," "John Brown's Christmas Hamper," Etc.
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CHAPTER I.

"I'll do it," said Jasper Paton to himself, looking up at the house.

He was a lean, dark man of thirty years of age; not handsome, not distinguished-looking in any way, although his face had a certain kind of attractiveness for close observers. It was a keenly intelligent face, to begin with, and also a kindly face, but the features were somewhat rugged, the fine eyes deep-set beneath overhanging brows, and the high cheekbones unshaded by whiskers or mustache. His mouth was, however, a very beautiful one, and its fine curve gave a distinct charm to an otherwise plain countenance. He was a doctor, or rather a doctor's assistant, and he was dressed in shabby, professional black clothes and a tall hat, with a pair of gloves in one hand, and looked as if he had just come straight from lecture room or consultation. As a matter of fact, he was in London for the day only, having run up from a sleepy old cathedral town in the provinces to obtain some new medical books and surgical apparatus.

He had half an hour to spare, and in the gloom of a November afternoon he found himself in a fine London square, staring intently at a house with a stone front, broad, double front-doors, and prettily curtained windows—a house which, as Mr. Paton well knew, was the property of the great heiress, Miss Eleanor Warrington.

"I'll risk it," said Mr. Paton, as he went boldly up the stone steps and touched the electric bell. "I can do no harm: I may do good. She is evidently not an easy person to deal with, but I will try." Then to the footman at the door, he added a question: "Is Miss Warrington at home?"

Miss Warrington was at home, and the man ushered the visitor into a little back drawing-room, where he bade him wait, and asked him for his name.

"I haven't a card with me," said Jasper, turning rather red, "but my name is Paton, and I come from Worcestershire—from Miss Warrington's cousins in Worcester."

The man looked at him hard and then withdrew, softly shutting the door after him; and Jasper was left alone to reflect on what now appeared to him his own unjustifiable intrusion, and the chances of getting turned out of the house for impertinence. After all, what business had he to interfere? What though the Warringtons had been badly treated, and were his intimate friends? That did not give him a license to manage their affairs for them, did it?

Thus he stood and repented himself, until the footman came back with the civil answer, "Miss Warrington begs you to step this way, sir."

Jasper followed, and was conducted to another apartment, which he rightly judged to be the principal drawing-room of the house. The room impressed him more than he cared to own to himself. It was not only luxurious and costly, but beautiful, and marked with the stamp of a certain originality, which is rare in these days. For one thing the fashion of ordinary drawing-rooms had not been followed. The paperhangings were dark and restful to the eye, and some good oil-paintings hung on the walls. Then there were bookshelves of books in low carved bookcases, and rare Oriental draperies, and some exquisite china—all charming and uncommon, but conveying a sense of great unlikeliness to the modern young lady's ordinary surroundings. It would seem as though the owner's taste had been formed in some unusual school.

To Jasper's embarrassment he found himself in the presence of two ladies, both of whom bowed in answer to his formal bend as he entered the room. As to which of them was the Miss Warrington whom he came to see he was yet completely in the dark. Both ladies were young and apparently good-looking; both were well dressed and seemed quite at home. Jasper turned instinctively towards the girl at the tea-table; she looked a little older than the other, had a trifle more authority of demeanor and was rather more elaborately dressed—in his opinion. As a matter of fact, the younger girl, who was dark and slight and pale, wore a tea-gown of soft silk, with frills of delicate lace, of which poor Jasper was utterly ignorant of the worth, while her larger and fairer friend had donned a smart afternoon dress of much brighter color and comparatively cheap material—facts which a woman's eye would have discerned in a moment, but which were entirely lost on Jasper's unappreciative male mind.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Paton," said the fair young lady at the tea-table, with quite a queenly air. "You come from Mr. Warrington of Worcester?"

"I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Warrington?" said Jasper, looking doubtfully from one to the other. It was a little awkward that both ladies replied "Oh, certainly," and that one asked him to take tea, and the other a chair, so that he was no more sure than he had been before which of them bore the name of Eleanor Warrington. For some moments the conversation was confined to the trivial details of tea-drinking; then (although Jasper didn't see it) the two girls exchanged glances and the fair young lady made a remark which was evidently meant as a question.

"The Warringtons of Worcester, and the American branch of Warringtons were first cousins," she said.

"It is for that reason that I ventured to come," said Jasper. "I was not quite sure whether Miss Warrington of San Francisco, understood the relationship."

"I think she understands it perfectly," said the dark girl, coming forward a little. Whereat her fair friend smiled and leaned back in her chair.

"If she understands it, there is perhaps less need for me to speak," said Jasper, with his eyes on the floor.

"Oh, no; please go on. We want to hear everything, don't we, Nellie?" said the dark girl rather eagerly.

"Nellie." Then the golden-haired young lady was, as he had thought, Miss Warrington. But her answer disconcerted Jasper not a little. "You may want to hear everything, if you like, Nora," she said severely, "but you know very well that I don't care to hear anything at all about it."

"Nora." Well, Eleanor Warrington might be called Nora, after all. But he inclined to the belief that the fair and queenly-looking Nellie was the heiress, and that "the brown little thing," as he designated Nora, was the humble companion. So, lifting his honest eyes, he addressed himself more directly to Nellie.

"I think," he said with grave directness, "that it is your duty to hear everything, Miss Warrington." Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through the frames of the two listeners, but Jasper, absorbed in his subject, did not notice it. "I am perfectly convinced that the facts have never been properly represented to you, and I have come here to beg that you will listen for a few moments to what I have to say."

There was a moment's silence, and then the



Her eyes fixed steadily on his face.

dark-haired Nora—rather apologetically, as Jasper thought—put in a word.

"We ought to ask this gentleman, dear, why he takes this duty upon himself, and whether he is connected in any way with the Warrington family."

"Only by the ties of friendship and—and of professional capacity," said Jasper, with a stammer. "I am Doctor James Warrington's assistant; I hope some day to be his partner. I know him and his family very well; indeed, I live in his house, and that is how I came to be acquainted with his affairs. He has shown me all the correspondence between himself and Miss Warrington's lawyers; and I have urged him several times to see Miss Warrington, but he has refused to do so."

"And why should he see Miss Warrington?" asked Nora, keenly; while Nellie leaned back in her chair with a non-committal expression of countenance.

"Because Miss Warrington's lawyers have treated James Warrington as if he were an impostor," said Paton firmly. "Because they have acted as if he wanted money for himself, when, as a matter of fact, he claimed kinship with her only out of a friendly feeling. He was your father's only brother, Miss Warrington, and you have no need to be ashamed of him, or to refuse to acknowledge the relationship, although he is only a struggling country surgeon, and you are your father's heiress, with twenty thousand a year."

"You seem to know the amount of my income pretty well," said the fair-haired Nellie, evidently suppressing an inclination to laughter. It was Nora, who, with a displeased look, said more stiffly:

"You do not know all the circumstances, Mr. Paton. Dr. Warrington applied to the lawyers as the heir and next of kin. He wanted to prove that his own brother's daughter was not—not legitimate." The color deepened in her olive cheek as she said the word, and a warm light came into her eyes.

"I assure you he did nothing of the kind," cried Jasper, rising suddenly to his feet, and speaking fast and eagerly. "He knew nothing about you; that was all. He did not know that his brother was ever married, and when he heard of his death he concluded that he was the next of kin. He did not even know that John Warrington had died a rich man. That is chiefly what I came to explain to you. There were reflections in the lawyer's letters, for which he and Miss Warrington ought to apologize."

"Apologize!" said Nellie, with a curling lip. "Dr. Warrington should have come here himself," said Nora coldly.

"It is so easy for you to say so," cried Jasper, now thoroughly roused to anger. "I suppose you have no idea of the kind of life he leads? He is over-worked, underpaid, harassed, often ill; he has six children, a delicate wife, a scattered country practice; how can he give any time to the mere clearing of his character in his wealthy niece's eyes? When I suggested to him that he should see you, he said that you would only think that he wanted money, and that he would not take a single step to seek you out. You might find him out, he said, if you wished to see him—and I honor him for the resolve he took, but I think it is all the more your duty, Miss Warrington, to do something to soothe his wounded feelings, and—if possible—to offer him some substantial help."

"Did he know that you were coming here to-day?" asked Nellie.

"No; certainly he did not," thundered Jasper. Then, as if ashamed of his vehemence, he added, "You do not understand him, Miss Warrington. He is a man of noble mind, unstained integrity and honor; a man who toils night and day for his children, and is loved and respected by everyone who knows him. That is the man whom you suspect of mean and sordid designs and foul plots against your rights, Miss Warrington. I came to-day to tell you that you were wrong and to justify my friend against your suspicions. Having done that, I have done all, and I may wish you good afternoon."

The girls sat silent, apparently startled and overborne by his manner. They merely bowed as he went out of the room, and they listened intently as his footsteps passed through the hall and the closing of the front door echoed in their ears. Then Nellie spoke.

"Well, of all the rough, ill-mannered, dogmatic persons I ever met, I think Mr. Paton is the worst."

"Do you think so?" said Nora dreamily. "There was something about him that I liked. He is very sincere."

"In his championship of the doctor's family. Yes, I should imagine that he was in love with one of the daughters."

Nora laughed. "Oh, Nellie, how imaginative you are! But what do you think we ought to do?"

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her heart for the contented spirit, that had thriven in spite of long-continued hip disease, and an enforced absence of many ways of lightening imprisonment, languor and pain. While the children were mere babies, poverty did not matter so much; it was when they began to grow up that they felt its limitations.

Dr. Warrington had a large practice, but a poorly paid one; he was obliged to have the help of an assistant, and few people guessed how small was the income that remained when Mr. Paton's salary had been paid. Not that this salary was a large one; for Jasper Paton took as little as he could prevail on the doctor to give; but James Warrington was a man with a conscience, and would not pay less than the sum he thought right. It was little enough, to be sure, for a man with Jasper's qualifications; and if it had not been for the friendship that he bore the Warringtons, he would doubtless have moved to a wider sphere, and made more of a name for himself in the world; but he could not bear to desert the doctor, who had been kind to him in days gone by, and he remained at Worcester, therefore, as Dr. Warrington's assistant. He had rooms in the doctor's house, and behaved like an elder brother to the six boys and girls of whom the family consisted.

There had seemed at one time some hope of a better state of things. News had come of the death of Dr. Warrington's elder brother; and rumor stated further that he was a millionaire, who had made his money in America and bequeathed it all to his brother James. For a few hours at least the Warringtons believed this story; and it must be confessed they suffered a keen pang of disappointment when they found that John Warrington had left a daughter, and that all the money went to her. She had come to England, but from some misunderstanding of a lawyer's letter she had been led to believe that Dr. Warrington wanted to deprive her of her rights; and she had not felt kindly disposed towards him in consequence. It was this unfortunate misunderstanding that Jasper Paton had tried to clear up when he made one of his rare visits to London in November; but he did not dare to reveal to his friends the extraordinary thing that he had done, especially as it seemed to be all in vain.

"Misfortunes never come single," Dr. Warrington observed to him with a weary smile, at the end of the day on which he had come back from London, and Amy had cried because she could not cultivate that singing voice of hers which someone had told her would make her fortune.

"What is the matter?" asked Jasper briefly. "Mary"—Mary was Mrs. Warrington—"Mary has sprained her ankle rather badly. Those two youngsters tied a string across the hall for some occult reason of their own, and their mother caught her foot in it. She will not be able to walk for a month."

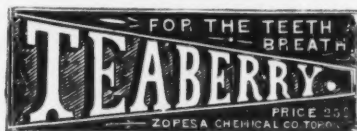
"That's a misfortune, certainly. I suppose Louie will have to leave her situation then?" Dr. Warrington's face clouded more deeply

than ever. Louie was daily governess to one of the Canon's children, and he did not want her to lose her work. But Louie was an invalid, and Amy "had no sense," as everybody said. It seemed absolutely necessary that Louie should remain at home.

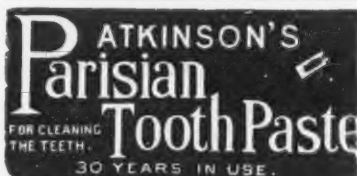
But Louie refused to see it in that light. "I can't possibly give the children up," she said in dismay. "Mrs. Drummond would get someone else at once. Could not Amy manage under mother's direction?"

"I shall make awful muddles," said Amy dolefully. And her sister was silent for a moment; she knew that unpractical Amy spoke the truth.

"If only we had a maiden aunt, or a cousin, or a friend, who would come to us for a



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month and keep house!" sighed Lyle from the sofa.

"Or even a lady-help!" moaned Amy.

"I don't know what we are to do," said Louie, "but I'll speak to Mrs. Drummond to-morrow morning, and ask her if she can spare me for a week or two."

She came home from Mrs. Drummond's next day in a state approaching exhalation. "Oh, mother, I really think I can see a way out of our difficulty," she said, entering her mother's room with her pretty, pale face flushed with pleasure. "Mrs. Drummond is so kind; she says she really cannot very well do without me; but that a young friend of hers wants a situation as lady housekeeper, and would gladly come to us for a week or two without any payment—indeed, she wants experience so much that she would be willing to pay us for her board, and look after the house as well!"

"Oh, Louie, that is incredible!"

"Well, mother, that is what Mrs. Drummond said, and she promised to send the young lady round to call on you this evening. She is very clever at household matters, and does not mind what she does—she would cook, or dust rooms, or clean silver, mend stockings or anything; but she just wants a home for a few weeks, because she has no relations and nowhere to go, and Mrs. Drummond says it would be a real boon to her if we would take her in and make her useful."

Mrs. Warrington looked very doubtful. "What is her name?" she asked.

"Miss Wood—Miss Nora Wood," said Louie eagerly. "I am sure she must be nice, for Mrs. Drummond spoke of her so warmly and—ah! there's the bell. I wonder if she has come already!"

Yes, she had come; and before gentle Mrs. Warrington could recover from the perturbation into which Louie's words had thrown her, she found herself interviewing the dreaded lady-help, or lady housekeeper, whom Mrs. Drummond had been so prompt to recommend. Mrs. Warrington did not like to be taken by surprise, and she was inclined to feel some prejudices against Miss Nora Wood.

In five minutes, however, this prejudice had faded away. Miss Wood was charming; there was no possible doubt of that. She was not very pretty, but she had a sweet, thoughtful face, beautiful dark eyes and a bright smile; she was plainly dressed, and seemed a little timid, a little wistful—almost as though she were appealing to be taken in and allowed to work for the Warrington family. Her parents were dead and she wanted to take a situation, she said to Mrs. Warrington; but she was afraid that she was not clever enough to be a governess. She had been used to a small house and could "turn her hand to anything."

"I'm rather a good cook, I believe," she said, with some pride in her own capacity. "And I will do anything you wish. I should like to be useful to you while your foot is so bad, and Mrs. Drummond will tell you that I am to be trusted."

"Have you known Mrs. Drummond long?" asked Mrs. Warrington. She noticed that the girl flushed suddenly as she replied, though the words came quietly enough.

"I knew her many years ago, when I was a child. She is kind to me now for my mother's sake."

Mrs. Warrington tried vainly to remember what she had heard once about Mrs. Drummond—that she had spent her early life in some outlandish place; was it New Zealand or Tasmania? or that she had relations in America? Mrs. Warrington could not tell; but she accepted Mrs. Drummond's recommendation thankfully, and arranged with Miss Wood to come to her that very evening.

"And you won't call me Miss Wood, will you?" said the girl, with a sweetness of manner which made Mrs. Warrington want to kiss her, as the two women looked closely at each other when they were about to part for an hour. "You will call me—Nora?"

"Nora! It is a pretty name. My husband had a sister who was always called Nora. Yes, dear, if you wish it, you shall be called Nora," said Mrs. Warrington, with impulsive tenderness.

"She is a dear, nice girl," said the mother to her eldest daughter, when Nora was gone, "and I am sure we shall get on with her. It has all been done in a hurry," she added apologetically, "but with Mrs. Drummond's recommendation I don't think we can go far wrong."

"It is another mouth to feed," said her husband drily. He had just come in from his rounds, and was somewhat annoyed to find that the whole matter had been settled without reference to him.

"Oh, no, dear," said Mrs. Warrington, a little timidly. "She insists on paying a guinea a week—for the privilege, she says, of a home and learning how to keep house, and so on."

Dr. Warrington lifted his eyebrows. "That looks odd," he said. "Has she any ulterior motive in coming, I wonder?"

But this suspicious remark was received with such a storm of indignant expostulations, that Dr. Warrington thought it better to say no more. "Women always like their own way," he said to himself, with rather a dreary smile. "It is no use making objections."

He was a tired-looking man, with troubled eyes and gray hair. Life had been something of a disappointment to him; it was even more disappointing to think that his children's lives were to be as hard as his own had been. Now and then he felt as if he had more burdens upon his shoulders than he knew how to bear.

Jasper Paton came in to an eight o'clock tea that evening, and took it hurriedly and alone in the dining-room, for he was wanted at a sick woman's bedside and could not wait for the ordinary supper. Louie, a slim fair girl with frank eyes overshadowed a little by knitted brows that recalled her father's, superintended the meal, and told him all the news, including the story of Miss Nora Wood's arrival.

"Wood! Nora Wood, did you say?" Jasper Paton asked. He remembered that the dark-haired girl—companion to Miss Warrington—was called Nora.

"Yes; she seems nice, and is rather pretty," said Louie, who was knitting socks with marvelous rapidity, while Jasper had his tea. "I hope she will be useful; Mrs. Drummond seemed to think she could be relied on. I should like you to see her."

"I shall see her to-morrow," said Jasper, not

particularly interested. For a minute or two Louie knitted in silence.

"I want to take mamma a cup of tea," she said at last. "Shall you mind, Mr. Paton? I'll be back directly."

"Don't hurry yourself," said Jasper kindly. "I have nearly finished now."

Louie went away. She had a plan in her head, quite other than that which referred to her mother's tea. She meant to send Miss Wood into the room, and then question Mr. Paton as to his opinion of her. She had great faith in Mr. Paton's opinion.

Jasper was bending over a Medical Review which had been lying surreptitiously beside his plate, and did not notice for a moment or two when the door creaked that it was not Louie who entered the room, but a stranger. Suddenly he looked up. The dark-eyed girl whom he had seen at Miss Warrington's house was standing before him, with one hand on the table and her eyes steadily fixed upon his face.

(To be Continued).

War Stories.

Wolsley's first impressions of Stanley were rather mixed. Talking recently with a friend the new commander-in-chief of the British Army told this story:

"It was at the beginning of the Ashanti campaign," he said, "just after our landing; a square-built little man came up to me and said, speaking slowly and with an unmistakable American accent:

"General, allow me to introduce myself; I am the correspondent of the New York Herald."

"Too busy to attend to him, I cut him short with, 'What can I do for you, sir?'

"He replied imperturbably, with the same exasperating slowness, 'Well, General, I want to be as near you as I can if there is any fighting to be seen.'

"Captain So-and-so has charge of all the arrangements concerning correspondents," I rejoined curtly; 'you had better see him.' And with this I turned on my heel and went about my business.

"I saw no more of my correspondent with the aggravating coolness and slowness of speech for many a day. I did not even know whether he was accompanying the column or not.

"Personally speaking, I was only in danger once during the whole expedition. It was shortly before we entered Coomassie. I had pressed forward with the advanced troops, hoping to break the last effort at resistance and have done with the affair, when the enemy, utilizing the heavy cover, came down and fairly surrounded us. For a few minutes the position was critical, and every man had to fight, for the enemy's fire was poured in at close quarters. They pressed upon us from all sides, dodging from tree to tree, and continually edging closer, hoping to get hand to hand. In the hottest of it my attention was caught by a man in civilian's clothes, who was some fifteen or twenty yards in front of me, and who was completely surrounded by the advancing savages. He seemed to pay no heed to the danger he was in, but, kneeling on one knee, took aim and fired again and again, and I seemed to see that every time he fired, a black man fell. I was fascinated by his danger and coolness. As our main body came up and the savages were driven back, I went forward to see that no harm came to my civilian friend, who rose just as I reached him. To my astonishment it was the correspondent of the New York Herald, and he began again in the same slow, calm way:

"Well, General—"

"Again I interrupted him: 'You were lucky to escape. Didn't you see that you were surrounded?'

"Well, General," he began again, 'I guess I was too much occupied by the niggers in front to pay much attention to those behind.'"

It was upon the eve of the Franco-German war of 1870, and the small Prussian garrison which held the town of Saarbrücken expected momentarily to be driven out by the French Army Corps which lay no more than a couple of miles from the ramparts. Those within Saarbrücken—and Mr. Archibald Forbes was of their number—found the days of inaction and of expectation hang somewhat heavily upon their hands, and lacking other amusement, they proceeded to marry a gallant sergeant of the Hohenzollerns. The good fellow's girl had walked heaven knows how many miles to wish him God-speed in the trouble; and, the news coming to the ears of the garrison, a pretty wedding was contrived, with the consent of the bridegroom's commanding officer, who stipulated only that the gallant sergeant in question should return instantly to his duties at the sound of the alarm. All was in readiness, and the clergyman was just about to join the couple in holy matrimony, when the sound of a bugle suddenly broke in on the stillness. It was the alarm. The bridegroom hurriedly embraced the bride, buckled on his accoutrements, and darted off to the place of rendezvous. In ten minutes more the combat was in full intensity; the French had carried the heights overhanging the town, and were pouring down upon it their artillery and mitrailleuse fire. Our hotel was right in the line of fire, and soon became exceedingly disagreeable quarters. We got the women down into the cellar, and waited for events. A shell crashed into the kitchen, burst inside the cooking-stove, and blew the wedding breakfast, which was still being kept hot, into what an American colleague called "everlasting smash." It was too hot to stay there, and everybody moved strategically to the rear. A few days later was fought, close to Saarbrücken, the desperate battle of the Spicheren, in which the bridegroom's regiment took a leading part. The day after the battle, I was wandering over the field, helping to relieve the wounded and gazing shudderingly on the heaps of dead. Suddenly I came on our bridegroom in a sitting posture, with his back resting against a stump. He was stone dead, with a bullet through his throat.

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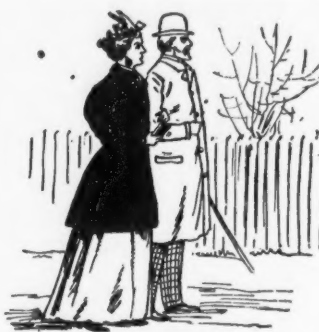
Too Weak to Walk.

Friends Had Given Up Hope of Recovery.

The Trouble Began With a Cough Which Settled on the Lung—Subjected to Fainting Spells, and at Last Forced to Take to Bed—Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When All Other Medicines Had Failed.

From L'Impartial, Tignish, P.E.I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chiasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P.E.I., personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial, the particulars of the cure of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chiasson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable one, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past, but previous to that time was a strong healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of saving her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost



Can now Walk to Church.

constant severe pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hopes of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that she be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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After the Ball.



After the ball is over, After the field is clear, What'd you do with my eye-brow? Where's the rest of my ear? (Copyrighted.)

From the Jaws of Death.

During the past few days two communications have come to us from two men who have taken the cure for liquor addiction at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. The same grateful tribute is paid to the treatment in each case, and in each letter the belief is expressed that the writer has been rescued from an early grave—a drunkard's grave. Such letters as these are frequently received by us. The sentiments they contain are varied, but they all agree that the Lakehurst Institute has saved their lives. In very many of these cases these statements are literal facts, all hope of recovery had been abandoned, and a trip to Oakville was the forlorn hope. With what trepidation their cases were undertaken 'y us, with what anxiety their progress towards recovery was watched, and with what gratification the successful result were attained, are facts which will be long remembered by ourselves, by the patients and by their friends. Lakehurst treatment and successful results are synonymous terms. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building. Phone 1163.

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TORONTO

Dr. Chalmers' Story.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story: Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collecting plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience and blurted out: "We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners an' mair o' yer siller, ma leddy." Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not over-well pleased tone, said: "Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?" "I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor; "but with your permission I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."

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THE
DRAMA

FOR a second time it has been demonstrated that we are not educated up to the level of French pantomime. After seeing Mlle. Jane May and her excellent company many people come away from the Princess wondering what it was all about. Expression has so little to do with our speech, gestures play so small a part in our conversation, that it becomes a severe mental and ocular exercise to follow the story in one of these pantomimes, wherein never a word is uttered and our all-important ears are quite useless to us. It is not quite certain that we have cause to regret this deficiency on our part. We are a plain provincial people and the local palate can still touch plain food without repulsion. When we examine the pantomime, we find that its institution was an after-thought, that it won its success with the pleasure-gorged Parisians, to whom ordinary theatricals had grown flat and tedious. Moreover, the pantomime suited the gay and fashionable crowds from all countries who congregated in Paris, because many of them could not understand French in any case, and could but interpret the play through gestures and expressions of countenance. The introduction of pure pantomime was therefore hailed as a very happy thought, because, first, the ordinary drama had ceased to amuse; second, the real Parisian could read pantomime more easily than a book; third, the foreigners understood it as well as plays spoken in French, and fourth, and most important of all, the pantomime was hailed with delight because it reduced the performers to silence, so that the conversation of fashionable groups of theater-goers could proceed uninterrupted by the cries of heroines and the roars of rampaging villains on the stage. The carrying on of a conversation throughout the theater offers no interruption to pantomime; in fact, without it, the silence becomes inartistic, if not quite vulgar.

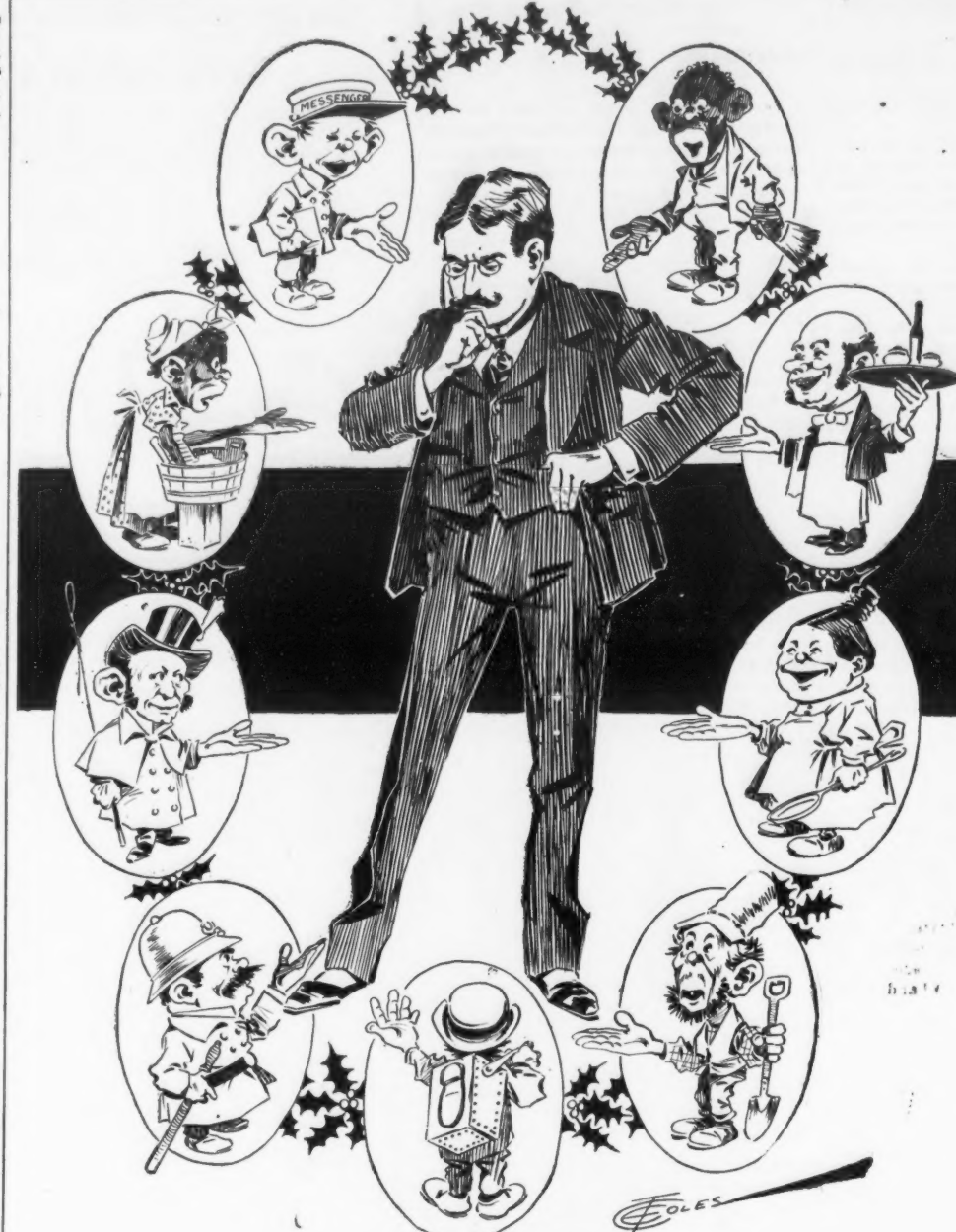
In New York French pantomime has been a success because that metropolis has a sufficient number of traveled residents and theater-tired people to welcome any new thing. The jaded pleasure-seekers of Gotham turned to the pantomime with momentary interest. Here very few are jaded as yet, and those who express preference for this form of entertainment over any other indulge in affectation.

Altogether the play-going people of this continent are not ready for pantomime. When first-class companies of actors, putting on the very best quality of dramas, find it necessary to give us our stage villain plainly marked, lest we should not know him for a rascal, there is something incongruous in expecting of us sufficient intelligence to follow pantomime. To use the most recent and convenient illustration—although the production does not rank very high—take Buchanan in Bonnie Scotland. He was always represented to us as the very antithesis in outward form and demeanor, of Macfarlane, the hero. Buchanan's shoulders had a subtly villainous droop, his face was always averted, his eyes downcast. When accused of any rascality he cringed and winced so that with his black make-up he reminded me strongly of one of Gustave Doré's lost souls in Dante's Inferno. Now this is pure idiocy. That sort of scoundrel could do no harm in this world, for he could deceive no person for a moment. In Greek tragedies the color of the dress used to express the character of the wearer, but surely we are at this late day competent to sift the characters for ourselves. Let all parties in the story of a play start on equal footing, and let the story reveal itself without adventitious and clumsy aids. At all events, if the public is not sufficiently advanced to be introduced to a new villain it should certainly not be expected to appreciate pantomime.

Mr. Hart as Wang is as pleasing as ever, while falling somewhat short of De Wolf Hopper. The latter was recently in San Francisco, where his Wang was unfavorably received and described by the critics as trivial rubbish. What the mischief do they ask in their comic opera out there? Dr. Syntax was substituted and received a much better reception.

There is a young man in Toronto who is working out an idea for a comic opera. The other day he confided his purpose to a friend. "Of course," he concluded, "I must secure the services of a good collaborator." "That's right," said his friend. "Secure a collaborator who can supply the comedy and the music."

An excellent recital was given at the College of Music on Tuesday evening by pupils of the director, Mr. Torrington. The programme introduced piano, organ and vocal soloists, and the manner in which these rendered the parts allotted reflected most creditably upon all concerned. The pianists were: Misses Ethel Husband, Mabel Bastedo, Mabel Tait, Lillian Landall and Fannie Sullivan.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

Among the numbers presented were Schumann's Aufschwung, Chopin's Ballade Op. 23, Scambatti's Toccata, the Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire, and Liszt's beautiful arrangement of Les Preludes for two pianos. The organists were Miss Kate Smith, Miss Edith Chase and Mr. Albert Jordan, and the vocal department was represented by Mrs. McGann, Miss Burrows and Mr. James Richardson. Mr. Torrington is entitled to congratulations on the success of the entertainment provided by his pupils on this occasion.

The Conservatory of Music Quarterly Concert on Thursday evening of last week attracted a large and enthusiastic audience to Association Hall. The concert was one of the best quarterly entertainments ever given at this period of the year at the institution named, and demonstrated the fact that the Conservatory has advanced past that elementary stage when anything on a comprehensive scale need only be looked for at the close of the year. Lack of space prevents mention of those taking part or any details of their work. It will suffice, however, to say that in all branches of the Conservatory work represented in the programme, the evidences of artistic results and thoroughness were many and striking.

Author—By the way, Deepvoice, there is a point to which I should like to call your attention. Deepvoice (the villain)—Well? Author—Where I make the heroine say to you, "Do your worst!" I do not intend the remark to be a stage direction in regard to your acting.—Truth.

A Crazy Patch at the Toronto Opera House this week is one of those shows about which it is impossible to say anything. The leading character is supposed to be a lunatic, which is a new idea, although a great many specialty performers amuse us by acting like lunatics. Mr. Burke is a comical fellow, and altogether his company—his crazy batch of performers—put up a very good entertainment of the boisterous kind.

Miss Lillian L. Armon of this city gave a very successful elocutionary and musical entertainment to a delighted audience on Tuesday evening, December 17, in St. Paul's Methodist church, ably assisted by Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist of Carlton street Methodist church. Added to the charm of a prepossessing presence, Miss Armon has the winsomeness of a natural and graceful manner which greatly contributes to the popularity of her able interpretations. There can be no question of a bright future for this gifted young artist.

For the first half of next week The Corsican Brothers will be presented at the Grand, with a Christmas Day matinee. Princess Bonnie will fill in the balance of the week.

The Land of the Living, the big English melodramatic production which achieved such triumphant success at the Adelphi Theater, London, England, where it enjoyed a run of over three hundred consecutive nights, will be the Christmas week offering at the Toronto Opera House. The piece is from the pen of the well known English playwright, Frank Harvey, and is said to be the superior of any of his other plays, and a most realistic example of modern melodrama. "Though years may roll by and seas may divide, we shall not be separated, for I will return to you if I am in The Land of the Living." With these words the hero goes forth from the home that the villain has ruined. The villain is the hero's partner. They meet again in the dia-

mond mines, where the villain is again triumphant and stabs and robs the hero. He then returns with the hero's diamonds to wed his wife, who is just on the point of yielding to his specious pleas when the hero arrives and all ends happily, while the baffled villain is carried off gritting his teeth. The presenting company is said to be an exceptionally strong one, while the play is set off with all kinds of sensational scenery and mechanical effects. Besides the regular Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees there will be a special afternoon performance Christmas Day.

This season that popular favorite with local playgoers, Lewis Morrison, will be seen in a new play, for aside from presenting Faust with entirely new scenic environment at the Princess next week, he will present for the first time here Yorick's Love, a delicately drawn yet strong piece of dramatic work arranged from the Spanish by William Dean Howells. Yorick's Love was played by the late Lawrence Barrett, and the achievement is all the greater for Mr. Morrison to say that he has made a success of the play following such a predecessor. Mr. Morrison will be seen in Yorick's Love Monday and Friday evenings and Saturday, and with the exception of Tuesday, when he will be seen in Richelleu, he will present Faust the remainder of the week. It has always been a great spectacular scenic production and this season will be given with an entire new dress both in texture and design. There are seven scenes in the play and every one of them is new, many of the changes being of a most material nature. Florence Roberts will again be seen in her exquisite conception of Marguerite, and Edward Elmer as Faust.

Weary Watkins—My folks always told me I was cut out for a gentleman. Hungry Higgins—Mebbe you was, partner, but of you was you sure belong in the misfit department.—Indianapolis Journal.

Sunday School Teacher—Can any little boy tell me what man attained the greatest age in the world? Bobby (holding up his hand)—I can, Teacher—Well, who? Bobby—Santa Claus.—Harper's Round Table.

Oh, August is the month for me, I prize it more than all the rest.—That is, just now. When summer comes, Oh, then I like December best.—Kansas City Journal.

Head Nurse—That self-poisoning case won't give an account of himself, and says he will die. Surgeon (reaching for apparatus)—Ah! one of those fellows who won't be pumped, eh? Well, we'll bring it out of him!—Puck.

"Knickerbockers!" she said; "why not? I have a perfect right." "And the left?" one asked her, hesitatingly. But she preserved a dignified silence, deeming the question in the nature of personality.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I suppose you are a socialist, or anarchist, or something?" asked the lady of vague ideas. "Madam," replied Mr. Brokedown Baldwin, "I am a passive altruist." "What in the name of common sense is that?" "I believe in being helped all I can."—Indianapolis Journal.

A little Boston girl who had recently learned to repeat the Lord's prayer, was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses." "Why, yes," she replied; "it means excuse us for going on the grass."—Boston Gazette.

"Come, sirrah," said the sultan; "make New promises for me, And plainly mark them fragile, And ship them C. O. D."—Washington Star.

"You seem sad, my redskinned brother," said the missionary. "Redskinned brother's heart heap bad," said the noble son of the prairie. "White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell, he know Injun can't war whoop for sour apples. Waugh!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Excellency Explains.

The Canadian Gazette.

Lady Aberdeen has suffered as previous residents at Rideau Hall have done from the too marked attentions of the New York journalist. The Tribune came out the other day with two tales which Lady Aberdeen read at length at a meeting of the National Council of Women for Victoria and Vancouver Island at Victoria last month. One was to the effect that when dining at the house of a leader of society in Montreal, Lady Aberdeen turned to the waiting-maid and bade her take off her white cap adding, "Do not put on that unfortunate badge of servitude while you serve me." The other tale has found its way into the English press, and was to the effect that upon the arrival of an Ottawa society lady to dine at Rideau Hall en famille Lady Aberdeen said, "This is Haddo Hall night, and we dine with the servants in their dining-room. Lord Aberdeen will take you into dinner, and the butler will take me." The lady promptly left.

"Now it is," said Lady Aberdeen, "a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the girls in our household have always worn caps, and, moreover, that I have never heard the breath of an objection from them to doing so." As to the second tale, Lady Aberdeen explained that she and Lord Aberdeen had for many years felt strongly that a trained servant should have opportunities for self-culture and improvement outside her work. At Haddo House, in Scotland, they started the Household Club, and every night during the winter all the household joined in singing, drawing, or carving, sewing for charity, readings, or in hearing lectures. The same system has been carried on in a modified way at Ottawa, and gives, no doubt, the point from which such stories have their start.

Can Women Amuse Themselves?

CERTAIN signs point to the fact that a large percentage of our women will have to do without amusement altogether if they wait for their masculine acquaintances to provide it for them. A noticeable lassitude of interest in purely feminine entertainments suggests the question, can women amuse themselves? Every day they prove they can work; women can also weep, and from time immemorial they have had the reputation of being able to amuse men, but how about themselves? There is a large field here for the strong-minded woman to investigate. Man, it is said, "shows his superiority over the rest of the brute creation by his ability to laugh." Does he also show that he is superior to woman by the enjoyment he can get in pure masculine company? Does the echo of his merriment at club dinners prove him still higher than his sisters whose gaiety at afternoon teas seems little better than smothered boredom?

Women are progressing towards, and in, numerous avenues of work. While learning to be self-supporting, cannot they learn to be self-amusing? There is any amount of pleasure to be had in the world if they only know how to get it. Of course there are various ideas as to what pleasure is; it may be "excursions and ice cream" with one, or "leafy trees and a book" with another, but the question is, can a woman get it for herself? She has learned to toil for her living; can she also work out her own amusement?

J. M. LOES.

Just That and Nothing More.

Gillies' Weekblad. The conversation turned upon a speaker who was not particularly gifted. "He has only three faults," said one of the company. "First, he reads his speeches; second, he reads them badly; third, they are not worth reading."

Didn't Own It

An old man and his wife were last summer sailing on a steamer between Blackpool and the Isle of Man. As the sea was rather rough, and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing, she said to her husband: "Oh, John, this ship is going down!" "Well, never mind," said her husband, "it isn't ours."

The Correct Thing.

Scottish Nights. A young farmer from Lanarkshire, who had become a benedict recently, took his spouse to London on their honeymoon trip. One night they went to the theater. "I see," said the bridegroom, consulting one of the large posters displayed outside the theater before entering, "that there's a guld when different kind o' seats. There's pit and stalls and dress circle, and family circle and gallery. Which should we hae, Maggie?" "Weel, Jamie," replied the buxom bride with a becoming blush, "seem' that we're marrit noo, maybe it wad be mair proper to sit in the fam'ly circle."

Santa Claus' Woes.



For Saturday Night.

"No wonder mine can quite express The anger in this breast of mine, Vocabularies shrink and fade While from my eyes start tears of brine. The hour is late, I'm much to do That should be done while moonbeams dance— Away, away! I must be off Across your snowy roof's expanse— But, bless your heart, I cannot move, I've struck a measly tole, Zip-rip! the tire's gone and I Have ruined my new bicycle!"

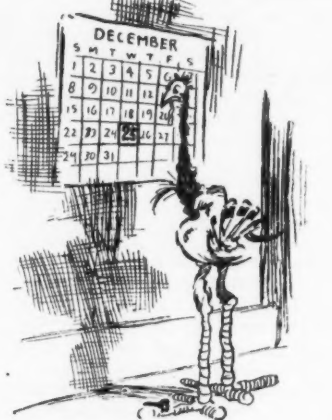
GEORGE V. HOBART.

And She Was Happy.

For Saturday Night.

A wild rose peeped through her tumbled golden curls, And cast its wings to the wind, as it floats along; The sun oozes with the dearest of tiny girls, As she nurses her dolls, and sings them a low child-song. A sweet peace falls on the warm, soft lips of day; And the child is happy with innocence, dolls and play. A dusky crimson rose in her gold-brown hair, Nestles, half hid, 'neath the rippling strands of light; Proud to be worn by a bride so good and fair, For the little child is a wife this summer night. The church bells sprinkle gay music from above, And the maid is happy with life and hope and love. A snowy rose, as pure as an angel's wing, Lies 'midst the silken tresses of gray and white; The fading moonbeams, their weird cold shadows fling, O'er tips and eyes that have said their last good-night. The sad-eyed morn awakens with fragrant breath, And she is happy with rest and Heaven and death.

LIZZIE ENGLISH DYAN.



For Saturday Night.

Ah, deliciously I remember It was only last November That they chased me thru' the backyard, And across the old barn floor; Valiantly and well I fought me Till at last the villains caught me And proceeded then to trot me To the ax beside the door— But, ah, ah, they let me go for I was bones and nothing more— Skin and bones—nothing more! Now, I see it is December, And, no doubt, they will dismember Me, for all my many fat friends Have gone to that other shore. I've grown pale from apprehension For of late some marked attention Makes me think it's their intention To cut off my legs and serve me As a red-bird from the store— Just a red-bird—nothing more!

GEORGE V. HOBART.

A Smoke-ring.

For Saturday Night.

Floating, flimsy, frail, fantastic, Floats in flaring death the ring. Who would move the air elastic And destroy the ghostly thing? From what bourns of things departed— By what power of earth compelled— To what and hither thus started, Why by mortals thus beheld? Incessant thou to God of Pleasure, Ring of Fate a prophet dread; Watched thus to ghastly measure Aureole 'round a ghostly head? Victim's chaplet, lover's favor, Round of things that erst have been, Wedding ring of my enlaver, My fair Lady Nicotias!

O. M. K., VARIETY.

The Bride—I am trying to induce George Her Mother—He's trying to induce him! My dear, you must not begin that way—Puck.

She—You know you'd be just as happy if you didn't kiss me, He—But do you suppose I am selfish enough to think only of myself?—Puck. In her impotent rage, her grace could only scowl at the duke, her husband. "This," she bitterly exclaimed, "is what a woman gets by buying what she doesn't want just because it's cheap."—Detroit Tribune. Eastern Visitor—How was it you did not hang that last murderer? Did he establish an alibi? Quick-Drop Dan—That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him, he wasn't there.—Puck.

The Daily Newspaper.

MUCH has been said and much remains as yet unsaid, about the influence of daily newspapers upon the politics, social life and general morality of the people of North America. My views have been expressed freely upon several occasions, but have not met with a favorable reception in journalistic circles, although in putting forward my views the purpose has been to suggest to the daily press the use of higher ideals, so that reform might be voluntary rather than compulsory. In speaking of compulsion I refer to the possibility that, when the laws governing libel are being remodeled in the respects petitioned for by newspaper men, there may be other clauses introduced, excluding the press from privileges that have long been shamelessly abused. The reports published of cases being tried in court are disgraceful and subversive of justice; every accused person is found either guilty or innocent without form of trial. Smart boys employed as reporters are allowed to fill column after column with their alleged discoveries and their very pointed deductions as regards a crime, so that public opinion is created by youngsters who, were they in England, would be yet at school. A married couple decides to separate owing to incompatibility of temper; they have decided upon this course, but do not want any disturbance created. It is entirely their own affair, and if the public has any interest in it, it is not a legitimate interest that should be gratified. But let a hint of the trouble reach a daily newspaper office and the trickiest reporter is let loose to trace the matter out. He goes to the wife and endeavors to get her side of the story. If she refuses to talk, he says, "Well, if you don't care to tell your side of the story, all right. We must then print his side of the story without contradiction." This villainous lie, suggesting that the man has talked, has been used probably a thousand times in Toronto and always induces the woman to vilify her husband. She tells a highly colored tale, and the reporter goes straight to the man. He refuses emphatically to say a word, but his wife's statement is read to him and generally he recites his tale of woe. The whole thing is published, and the couple, who parted almost amicably, are at open war. Whole families and groups of friends range themselves on this side and that, and the ramifications of the evil done by that reporter and that newspaper can never be traced.

Cases of malpractice and instances of girlhood folly are always treated as of vast importance, and such "stories" are exalted above all other news into the place of consequence upon the most prominent page. Why should such events be chronicled at all? Who is benefited by the facts being known? Who is benefited by reading the facts? The publication of such matter constitutes no warning to the frail, for since the beginning of the race "the frail" have been strong enough to ignore all warnings. The *Argonaut* has recently devoted some attention to the daily newspapers and its conclusions are very strong: "The daily press has influence, assuredly, but for the most part it is an influence which is evil. Editorially it has become barren of power, but its delving into the filth of life, its industrious exploitations of things that should remain hidden, its floods of gossip which is insane when it is not nasty, constitute the gravest danger to 'social purity and good morals' that modern civilization has developed. Where it does not rot it vulgarizes; it confers on insignificance a publicity and importance that necessarily coarsen and cheapen popular ideas. Its news columns are the bar, and its editorials the temperance lectures delivered by the thrifty saloon-keeper between drinks. The current newspaper reveals the depravity of popular tastes, and the manner in which it daily, and enormously, feeds and strengthens those tastes renders it the master instrumentality for debasing the man. How to neutralize the influence of the daily press is a problem that baffles everyone who really concerns himself for social purity and good morals."

It must of course be confessed that our daily press in Canada has a little more conscience than that of the United States, but the room for congratulation is very small. Our press is following hot-foot after the United States press, imitating the New York rather than the London ideal, throwing dignity to the winds, seeking profit and popularity at whatever injury to morality and general public good. Nowhere on earth can we find the press situated as it is in America. In England it recognizes and voluntarily respects certain limitations, for newspapers are usually vast properties owned by men or groups of men who are educated and cultured. These can afford to employ men who hold convictions, not hacks who uphold any view or any question on a moment's notice. The British daily press is an institution of the country, solid, ponderous and honest. The system of personal journalism in France prevents the press from degenerating as it has done in America, because a man signing his initials to what he writes will "care" what he writes. He is responsible; he may be horsewhipped or called to fight a duel with pistols or swords. Here a man can write without hesitation what he dare not personally say in public. In America a daily paper is too often a bulwark from behind which injuries come anonymously to citizens who cannot cope with a great newspaper and the "liberty" of the press, but who could kick the reporter or editor all over the vast surface of the continent did the offender but reveal himself. The size of it is that a newspaper has no more right to print anything about a man than a citizen has to speak the same thing about the man. Any liberty beyond this accorded to the press makes it a destructive agency in society. MACK.

A Bribe that Failed.

The Canadian Gazette.
In the early Newfoundland days a pot of good ale served sometimes to win a favorable judgment from a fishing admiral. They have got beyond that in British Columbia, for the offending owner of a sealing schooner has tried to curry favor with Chief Justice Davis by sending him a \$25 bill. "Every man has his price," but fancy a Chief Justice for \$25. In the end the would-be briber was sent to jail for a week for contempt, and fined the amount of his intended gift.

Kings Like to be Thought Witty.

From letters of an ex-Attaché



OF all the Kings and Queens who have reigned during the last few hundred years, is there one who remains on record as having said anything really witty—that is to say, something that would have been acknowledged as bright and scintillating if uttered by a person of less exalted rank? That they appreciate wit and comprehend it is apparent from the fact that the Court jester has been a recognized institution from time immemorial; and if to-day he no longer wears the multi-colored coat and jingling bells of the Middle Ages, he still remains quite as much an entity as in days of yore. The Prince of Wales has among his immediate entourage men whose presence there is due neither to their birth nor to their rank, nor yet to their moral qualities, but merely because they are witty and in the habit of saying good things. There have been so many of them—the Prince soon tiring of people

domestic and political, that he has but little inclination to joke. King Leopold of Belgium occasionally says a good thing. I think, however, that I am wrong in calling them good, since they are mostly unkindly and uncharitable references to persons with whom he has been brought into contact. His wit, such as it is, is like that of his sprightly and somewhat heartless daughter, the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria—that is, of an ungenerous character, and always tinged with bitterness and sarcasm.

King Carlos of Portugal is dull and heavy, like his father, and a piece of wit has to be very full-flavored in order to meet with his approval. Indeed, a strange feature about Kings and Royal personages in their appreciation, as well as in their making, of wit is their tendency to coarseness. The broader the wit, and the more lacking in delicacy, the more sure it is to find favor in their eyes. Both Emperor William and Queen Victoria's second son, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, have been known to make jokes in the presence of women which would have led to indignant protests and remonstrance on the part of their hearers had it not been for their lofty rank.

with a teacher specially chosen by Herr Moszkowski. The result proved all that could be desired. When he determined to return to Canada he received from his master a letter of the highest recommendation in which, among other things, he stated that "Mr. Tripp's playing is marked by a full, rich, penetrating tone, pearly passage playing and surety in all technical difficulties. I have the highest hopes for his future as a concert pianist and teacher."

On returning to Toronto he announced a series of recitals, and critical audiences gathered to hear him. His standing as a concert pianist was indisputably established by these recitals, and he at once turned his attention to teaching, soon gaining a large following. He then began conducting, and the Toronto Male Chorus Club was organized by him, and proved a success from the very start. Its annual concert, by the way, is fixed for February 6, in Massey Hall. The Club has now a membership of between sixty and seventy. Throughout the career of this young artist we find everywhere that skill and dexterity have been the result of persistent industry. He is to-day one of the busiest musicians in the country. In addition to his appointments at the Conservatory of Music

At 'Varsity; A Ministry Falls.

GENTLEMEN of tender years and ancient ideas, and ancient gentlemen with young ideas; football sports and political science thinkers, all these and others have enrolled themselves under the banner of old 'Varsity's Mock Parliament and Literary Society. The Mock Parliament for this year dissolved last Tuesday evening. The attendance was large when Deputy Speaker John A. Cooper stalked, with his robes on, to the platform, and dropped into a luxurious speaker's chair. The Spotton ministry held down the Treasury benches and Malcolm Wesley Wallace led the Opposition. The members of the Ministry wore frock coats and silk hats of ancient date, that tottered on the very verge of old fogyism. The Patron party wore wigs of hay, etc., and Hayseed General and Patron leader W. J. Wright received an ovation as he entered the house and took his seat, which was well decorated with hay. Many of the men in active politics to-day, including the Minister of Militia, Colonel Gibson, William Mulock, W. B. Willoughby, and scores of M.P.'s made their maiden political speech within the doors of 'Varsity's Mock Parliament. The Minister of Justice, Sir A. C. Gray, outlined the policy of the Spotton Ministry on the Manitoba school question to be one of non-interference, as the alleged grievance of the minority was only technical and did not involve a moral or legal right.

The Opposition were all in favor of a remedial order, which first Vice-President Stanbury supported in an able speech. Patron General W. J. Wright's knowledge of rules of order was poor. He called Mr. Speaker anything and everything, and was frequently applauded by his followers. The policy of his party was, he declared, in favor of the appointment of a commission to enquire into the facts. His entire party favored non-sectarian schools. Mr. Wright is a near kinsman of Mr. Joseph Haycock, and he made a very clever leader. The other Patrons who spoke were, H. H. Narraway, G. W. Keith, and A. E. McNab. The latter is a third-year honor man in mathematics, and concealed the key to the "binomial theorem," and his knowledge of thermodynamics, under a "Richard Tooley" soft felt hat of the year B. C. 200. The popular Minister of Interior, Sir John Counsell, half-back of the Dominion of Canada, followed on behalf of the Government. Mr. Counsell wore a 1900 A. D. silk hat with a 2000 B. C. frock coat.

Mr. Malcolm Wesley Wallace, Opposition leader and Tory stump orator (West Huron), traced the history of the case and brought out some interesting points. Rt. Hon. R. F. McWilliams, a Young Liberal stump orator who hails from Peterboro', made a clever speech for the Government. Messrs. Wood and Keith, for the Opposition, and Mr. Edgar, for the Patrons, also spoke, and Hon. G. S. Henry having spoken, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Ball, with his notes of his speech in his silk title, arose. He held his hat in his hand before him. The Opposition leader on a point of order contended that it was out of order for a member to talk through his hat. The debate dragged on until one a.m., when the hacks were got out all over town to bring in the members. The gymnasium was packed with students. At 1:50 a.m. the division bells rang. The Patrons had decided to turn the Ministry out anyway. A division was taken on a want of confidence in the Ministry and was carried, the vote standing 197 to 126. The Ministry resigned, the House was dissolved, and 'Varsity's Mock Parliament of 1895 was no more.

A Large-Hearted Musician.

Chicago Evening Post.

Gottschalk's generosity has been the subject of many anecdotes. Wandering into a music hall in New Orleans one evening he heard the manager announce that a little girl, who was to play the piano, was ill and could not appear. Gottschalk went behind the scenes and volunteered to take her place. The little girl was delighted, but remarked doubtfully:

"You had better look at the score. This piece is rather difficult."

Gottschalk gravely observed that he thought he could manage it, and was permitted to go on the stage. The audience recognized him, and, of course, went wild with delight.

Before he left the stage the great artist emptied all his small change into his hat and sent it around among the audience for a collection for his little protegee—a kindness which resulted in a substantial benefit for the grateful lassie.

Inexcusable.

Chicago Evening Post.

"I never felt so provoked in my life," said the girl in blue when telling of her experience the next day.

"What was the matter?" asked the girl in gray. "Your new gown was all right, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes."

"And your new hat is certainly a beauty."

"I realize it."

"Then what was the matter?"

"Why, I wore them both for the first time last night, and George hurried me so that we reached the theater before the curtain had gone up for the first act."

Study Your Dress.

New York Recorder.

Girls ought to study harmony in dressing. The hair fluffed out over the ears is very becoming, but that style is not correct with a sailor hat. It makes the face look ridiculous. Moreover, nautical headgear should not be ornamented with flowers, feathers or rhinestone buckles.

Speaking of incongruities in dress, I saw a woman in a Fourth avenue car dressed in deep mourning, or I presume she intended to be, but she missed the point by wearing a pair of big solitary diamond earrings. She might as well have had a red feather in her crape bonnet.

Love That Ran Smooth

Detroit Free Press.

"What a cold girl Ethel Iceberg is! How did Smithett ever succeed in winning her?"

"Skated into her affections last winter."



THE JOVIAL SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.

—that to enumerate them would require almost the remainder of this article. Those who occupy a similar position toward the German Emperor are Count Philipp Eulenburg and Baron von Kiderlen-Wachter, who, although they are respectively accredited as envoys to the Courts of Vienna and Oldenburg, yet are most of the time absent from their posts for the purpose of entertaining the Kaiser with their *bons mots*.

Both the Prince of Wales and his Imperial nephew at Berlin like to pose as wits. Theirs, however, is only reflected wit—that is to say, being endowed with an excellent memory and an essentially Royal facility of adaptation and appropriation, they merely repeat the bright sayings they have heard. But they do not quite lengthen that French King, Louis XVI., who was so anxious to be known as a wit that he employed a man solely to invent clever remarks and repartees to be introduced into the Royal speeches and correspondence. This man was the Marquis de Peyzay, and he received a salary of twelve hundred pounds a year. On all public occasions he acted as the King's prompter, and I remember the Prince de Ligne once showing me at Brussels a letter written by M. de Peyzay to the King, directing the latter how he was to make a particular *mot*. "Your Majesty," runs part of the letter, "will shortly proceed to the racetrack and will come across a clerk recording the bets of your brother, the Comte d'Artois, and of the Duc d'Orleans. Say, sire, on seeing him, 'Why this man? Is a writing necessary between gentlemen? Their word should suffice.'" The King spoke as instructed, and it seems that the bystanders exclaimed, "Quite true! A fine saying, that of the King; *voilà son genre*" (that is just his style).

What King Louis did in his time a number of Royal personages are doing to-day, and that, not only as regards witticisms, but also criticisms on art, music, literature, etc., on all of which subjects they are eager to be known as experts. Thus the Prince of Wales keeps an equerry in the person of Major-General Arthur Ellis, who is one of the most enlightened and accomplished art connoisseurs in Europe, for the special purpose of coaching him in such a manner that he may be able to play the role of a nineteenth century Medici in his patronage of English and foreign art.

King Humbert of Italy has absolutely no sense of humor. Not only is he incapable of making a joke, but he does not even comprehend or appreciate those made in his presence, while his ally, the Emperor of Austria, has had his reign darkened by so many sorrows,

and at Rolleston House (Mrs. Neville's School for Young Ladies) he has a studio for private lessons in the Oddfellows' Building, Room 14, where from five to six o'clock every Tuesday afternoon he meets any who desire to see him. Add to these his many engagements of a public character and the duties of examiner in the pianoforte department of Pickering College, and it is easy to understand that every hour of his time is fully occupied. Last year Mr. Tripp was honored by election to the vice-presidency of the Canadian Society of Musicians.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp.

NOT on our front page this week will be found a portrait of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, whose marked success as a concert pianist, teacher and conductor is one of the fragments of Canadian musical history specially worthy of attention. His career is in every way a most interesting one. At every point in its perusal you find how inadequate in themselves are the opportunities of early study or the possession of the artistic temperament, unless supplemented by the faculty for working, "plodding." To have his technique and knowledge always in advance of the executive work he undertook appears to be a principle of action with Mr. Tripp.

Beginning his education at a very early age, he first studied with private instructors, and, on the founding of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, continued his studies at that institution, becoming, in 1889, its first graduate. Since that day he has been almost continuously identified with this pioneer institution of musical culture—being bound to it not only by graduation ties, but also by the fact that he was one of the earliest members of its teaching staff. From the first he had given great promise of excelling in concert work and had never concealed his ambition to enter that field. So it was not improbable that the flattering reception he received in the fall of 1889, when he appeared with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, had weight in determining his next important step, which was to study abroad.

Taking up his residence in Berlin, as a pupil of the eminent composer and pianist, Moritz Moszkowski, Mr. Tripp soon began to feel the advantages of permanently residing in a great musical center where the highest class of operatic and concert performances were constantly to be heard. As a result, few interests but such as had a direct bearing on music received any attention. Untrifling industry was necessary to keep up his work in composition and harmony, for he had resumed his study of these two subjects

Criticized His Own Work.

Chicago Evening Post.

One day Leoncavallo was in Forli visiting when his Pagliacci happened to be given. Thinking that no one knew him there, he bought a seat and went to hear his own composition. Next to him sat a pretty girl who wildly applauded everything. He naturally was very quiet, enjoying his supposed incognito immensely. Finally his neighbor turned to him and said:

"Why don't you applaud? Don't you like the opera?"

"No," replied Leoncavallo, "I don't like it at all. It is the work of a beginner, to say nothing worse."

"Then you know nothing about music," observed his fair neighbor.

"Oh, yes, I do," and to prove his statement he began a discussion on counterpoint, showing, also, wherein Leoncavallo's music was worthless, almost all of the arias having been stolen from Beethoven, Bizet, and others. His neighbor listened silently, and when he finished, she asked:

"And this is your real opinion?"

"Certainly."

Next morning the composer was stunned to read in the morning paper, word for word, his criticism of the day before under his own name. His sweet neighbor was the musical critic of the paper and had recognized him at once, taking that way to secure a creditable "beat."

Thoughtful Woman.

"What a splendid woman she is!"

"I am glad to think you have got such a wife."

"Such a wife! Why, man, you have no idea of her generosity! When I was poor she refused to marry me because she was afraid of being a burden upon me; but the moment I came into my fortune she consented at once. What do you think of that for kindness?"

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

BERTHS

For any of the five January express steamers of the N. G. Lloyd and Hamburg America Line, if not already done. The travel in the new year will be very large. The February departures will also be great. For all information and berths apply to the Sole Mediterranean Agency.

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Short Stories Retold.

Senator Evans, when asked once by one not initiated if there was a difference between a canvas-back and a red-head duck, and if he could tell the difference, quickly replied: "I can, very readily; it is simply in the size of the bill."

A budding dramatist once submitted to the late John Clayton, manager of the Old Court Theatre, a very, very bad play for perusal. Clayton read, and returned it, with the following characteristic letter: "My Dear Sir—I have read your play—Oh, my dear sir. Yours truly, John Clayton."

Two Democrats were watching the election returns in a down-town refectory recently. The outlook was dismal, and the following colloquy took place: "By the great St. Patrick, Moike, sure, here's Kentucky gone Republican." "Kentucky! Holy snakes! What's the news from Texas?" "Texas didn't vote." "Thank God!"

The celebrated Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, who dared publicly to express thankfulness for Jenny Lind's beautiful singing, had as a member of his congregation a strait-laced Calvinist, who, on one occasion, standing on the steps of the pulpit, asked the preacher whether a man dying at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. "Sir," replied Mr. Evans, "a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, but a fool remains a fool, even on the pulpit steps."

The Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers, the eminent English Congregationalist, in a recent address declared that the English people do not love the Anglican priesthood. Whereupon an Anglican clergyman, who gave his name, wrote to him as follows: "Reverend Sir,—If, as reported, you said that 'the English people did not love the Anglican priesthood,' you are a malignant liar. Royal David said, 'Lars shall be turned into hell.' I wish you joy of your journey and its end. Yours in the faith."

A farmer in the Kansas cyclone district was building a stone wall. He was putting it there to stay, building it five feet across the base and four feet high. A stranger came riding by, and seeing the care the farmer was taking, said to him, "You seem to be mighty careful about that wall." "Yep," replied the farmer, "I'm er building her to stay." "Tain't no use," replied the stranger; "it'll blow over just the same." "Wall, let her blow over, she'll be a foot higher if she does," replied the farmer, continuing his work.

General Robert E. Lee was in all things magnanimous. Early in the war, before he had proved his military capacity, he was severely criticized by a certain General Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point and was considered a bright and able man. One day President Davis, wishing an officer for an important command, called upon Lee for advice. "What do you think of Whiting?" he asked. Lee heartily commended him as one of the ablest men in the army. One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and said in an aside to Lee: "Do you know the unkind things Whiting has been saying of you?" "I understood that the President desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me," was Lee's quiet reply.

Professor Blackie in a letter to a correspondent who sent him a Latin poem, wrote: "Thanks for Unstia! You are a wonderful man! A colonel in the British Army, at the close of the nineteenth century, writing Latin in hexameters and pentameters. Personally, I am not ashamed to say that I have through life got more healthy stimulus to the best part of my nature from a half-dozen Scottish popular songs than from all the volumes of Roman or Hellenic minstrelsy. Why should not our form of expressing the beautiful be as closely connected with ourselves as the heather with the brae, the birch with the crag, and the gowan with the lea? In a word, Latin and Greek at the most are only elegant accomplishments; the mother tongue alone is a living growth with strong roots, fair blossom and rich fruit."

Auguste Lupin, the first breeder to introduce English blood-stock into France, was a man from whom it was almost impossible to get any information worth having. Being one day reproached for his reserve by a friend, he said, "Well, I'll give you the straight tip for once. My horse will be beaten to-morrow. Lay odds against him all you can." Next day, while the race was being run, the horse began to flag, and Lupin was delighted. "Ah!" he said to his friend, "didn't I say so! Isn't that tip good enough for you?" But as he spoke the jockey began to ride his mount, and managed to win by two lengths. "There," said Lupin to the disgusted layer of the odds, "am I not right to hold my tongue about these brutes? It's enough to make a man swear never to give anybody the straight tip again."

Between You and Me.

AMONG the bad things that happen our way in life, there are some to be accepted and others to be striven against. Some of the bad things of life are like the toothache, you must sacrifice the tooth to be rid of them. And we don't understand that enough. Have you never seen one life overshadowed and hoodooed by another? when the dentist, common sense, stood ready to pull the tooth, and yet the sufferer banded and poulticed, and wept and suffered, and would not open his mouth and say "Let it go." There is a point beyond which no pain should be accepted, no influence submitted to. True, the tooth may go and an ugly gap be left, but one can make shift to have the gap filled, and though it is only a fraud of an artificial grinder, we live easier because of it. Then there are the bad things one must accept. The cripple, his hump; the homely one, her ugliness; the freckles that aren't becoming, and the various accidents of nature that place us at a disadvantage, as we say, looking at things from the outside, but which are really stepping-stones out of materialism and strong hands lifting us up beyond, if we only go fearlessly and hold fast.

"He thinks too much of himself," said the old lady, with antique disfavor to the young University student. But the old lady was wrong. No one can think too much of himself. It is not of himself that the fresh young person thinks, his poor self lying prone under a mountain of affection and absurdity and bombast; it is not of herself that the vain woman thinks, for her self gasps for life in a shroud of laces, and frills, and bon-bons and vanities. "Know thyself" is the first command we should listen to; don't believe yourself or other people's selves are what you see on the surface. The Divine spark is somewhere, deep buried, mayhap, but in all, of the same source and having the same power. The true self, a comprehension of which will make your views of life and living, sin and sinners, so thoroughly overturned; the true self, however disguised and abused, which is all that will be of any use in the course of so little a span of years, which is all that is worth saving now or then, and which we cannot by any chance think too much of. In thinking enough of it lies truly our one chance of progress and happiness and satisfaction. After the first command there are three other little lines with which one can build a road from here to heaven. "Work out your own salvation." "To him that overcometh," and "Ye shall be perfect," are these three, and that they have been more or less a cause of conjecture to those who have not yet learned the first is exactly what one can see the reason of, afterwards, as one sees so many simple matters.

By the way, what a funny thing the student is, anyway! Not that I have any of the old lady's disfavor toward him, but that it seems queer how student life develops just what you'd fancy it would discourage, the cutting-up of infantile pranks. The other night at the Glee Club concert there was more mischief in the air in the top gallery than anyone but students could have developed. Just aimless, innocent mischief, such as small boys would think of, and small boys falter in carrying out. The students did not falter. One great fellow, bearded and broad-shouldered, shaped a weird doll-baby out of paper and danced it on the end of a string above the heads of the peaceful folk in the second gallery. Then he had a notion to send his paper man down lower, and he lengthened the string, and that the paper man might have a good time and dance far a-field, the student tied the string to the crook of a long walking-stick and proceeded to lean so far over the rail of that high gallery that I expected to see him come flying down on the heads of the ground floor. And his face got red with the strain, and he dangled the doll-baby for half an hour in great contentment, which is something no one but a student would have done.

If there is a woman who annoys me more than any other, I think it is the woman who puts her arm around me. There are in the world only two women who can do it without sending a shiver through me; the little mother is one of them, the other, dear people, is, of course, each one of you whom I love. But, there are others! One can become over sensitive to the touch of uncongenial folk. It is a condition of development and not a sign of want of amiability. *Noli me tangere* is the only thing about the Scotch thistle that makes me love it.

Sometimes the small boy is adorable. My little sweetheart, who comes to see me on Sunday afternoons, and whose fair little paw reaches to my shoulder, gives me a moment of admiration and a desire to beg for him all heaven's fairest gifts, when he struts in, drops his cap on one chair and his coat on another, and ignoring the smartest visitor or the biggest lion in the social cage, makes for my side to tell me he has arranged that Santa Claus shall bring him a pony this Christmas. We had some time ago a literary lion among us, who had a small son, and on one evening there was a spread for the lion, and some of us waited for second table, so many were the guests who supped with the lion. Time lagged, and the small son's patience was threadbare, while his appetite was growing rampant, so he wrote a small note to the lion and sent it in by a waiter. And the small note had only four words, "Remember we are outside!"

A man was making us laugh the other day about one of his experiences on a continental trip. The man is a good man, with a candid, honest, straightforward look and tone which makes his fortune in some emergencies. But this wasn't one of them; this rather reminded us of Max O'Rell, and was too good not to be true, and it was so utterly impossible in Toronto that it was piquant. The man arrived in Paris on Wednesday night, innocent of the French language, and determined to spend a few days in quiet observation and see what he could make out of Parisian life, uninterpreted. When he wakened up on Thursday it occurred to him to put down the day and date for future

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reference, but in doing so, he inadvertently put down Wednesday, and proceeding on the supposition that he still had four days before the Sabbath in which to frisk, he frisked accordingly, finding the last day of the four quite the gayest, and wakening on the morning of the fifth determined to be extra pious after such a prolonged lark. He enquired from a friendly concierge, who was English speaking, the locality of a place of worship, and explained with emphasis that he was going to service. The concierge said there was no service. "Not on Sunday?" "Yes, on Sunday, true, but this is Monday." "And so," said the man plaintively, "I've lost Sunday in my life, and it really wasn't my fault. There was nothing to suggest to me while I was rushing about that it was Sunday, the day I fancied it was only Saturday." And the alderman said gloomily, "That wasn't in Toronto," while the Parisian told the traveler only a stranger would not remark the difference in the crowds on the boulevards and at the railway stations on the one day in the week when Papa and Mamma Bourgeois and all the family run rampant in Paris. And to all of it the man gave but one reply, "Well, I didn't know, and nobody told me, and it wasn't my fault."

American Fables.

The Ass Who Predicted.

An Ass who heard a Goose observe that the Water in the Pond was getting very low, at once offered his Services to Predict Rain. This having been Nodded about, the Hens asked for continued Dry Weather, the Foxes demanded a snow storm, the Oxen wanted frosty mornings, and the Mule, the Wolf, the Dog and the Peacock each demanded that he be Favored with Weather made to order. As a result the Ass could Please no one, and as his Failure was charged to his Obstinacy, the Whole Crowd fell upon him and Wounded him almost to Death. He was Complaining of this to the Peasant When the latter Replied:

MORAL:
He who seeks to Please all will end in Pleasing nobody at all.

The Beetle and the Grasshopper.

A Beetle and a Grasshopper Met in a Path one day, and although there was Plenty of Room for both, neither would turn aside. "Come, now, but why don't you give Way?" demanded the Beetle. "Who are you that I must give up my Rights?" replied the Hopper. "Be careful of your Language, sir!" "And don't you rub against me!" And they were on the point of combat when a Turkey coming along the Path Espied them and Gobbled up both.

MORAL:
Men who go to law for their rights become the victims of the Lawyer.

The Editor's Dream.



"I've just awakened from a dream—
Oh, such a crazy vision!
I dare not tell it to my wife,
She'd greet me with derision.
It serves me right to have nightmare,
I'm such a thoughtless bumpkin
To eat when bedtime's drawing nigh
A pie made out of pumpkin.
But, oh, that dream—that dreadful dream!
It fills me with cold shivers,
I feel the chills run down my back
Like small, frost-bitten rivers—
I dreamed—now this is the gospel truth,
I dreamed I got two dollars from
The man called 'Old Subscriber.'"
Geo. V. Hobart.

For many years the Bryce studio, 107 King street west, has been accorded a high place as a photographic studio because it deserved it. Under the new management, Mr. Alex. Keith having taken charge, the Bryce studio has lately been marked more than before for its superior work. Mr. Keith is assisted by Mr. Ira Cornish, a capital poser and operator, and Mr. Henry Cornish, than whom there is not in Canada as good a printer and finisher. Mr. J. C. Forbes, the talented Canadian artist, is associated with the Bryce studio, and several of his best landscapes are on sale in the studio.

A Clever Deal.

Argonaut.

Brice's greatest play was building the Nickel Plate. He put in every dollar he could get, and there came a time when he had to sell. He went to Vanderbilt, whose road the Nickel Plate paralleled. Vanderbilt would not buy the Nickel Plate. He said he could afford to wait the first mortgage foreclosure and buy it from the sheriff.

"If you don't buy it, Jay Gould will," said Brice.

"Oh, no, he won't," said Vanderbilt. Brice then went to Gould. He knew that he did not want the Nickel Plate, but he had a beautiful scheme to propose. He knew Vanderbilt would buy the road before he would allow Gould to get in. Brice thereupon told Gould that if he would sit silent and not contradict, neither affirm nor deny, any newspaper articles to the effect that he was going to buy the Nickel Plate, and after this clamor silence had continued for a week, if he would then ride slowly over the Nickel Plate in an observation car, Vanderbilt would buy the road, and he would give Gould five hundred thousand dollars. It struck Gould that the whole thing would be a majestic joke on Vanderbilt. The papers said that Gould was going to buy the Nickel Plate. Gould, when questioned, looked wise. At the end of a week he meandered, snail-like, over the Nickel Plate in the rear end of an observation car, and had all the air of a man who was looking at a piece of property. Stories were wired about Gould's trip from every water-tank and way-station along the line, and before Gould had reached Chicago, Vanderbilt, in a fit of hysterics, wired Brice that he would take the Nickel Plate. He did so, and Brice was saved.

The Children's Enemy.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is often characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

On the Safe Side.

Student—Then how much does the suit come to for cash?
Tailor—Fifty marks.
Student—And if paid for by instalments?
Tailor—A hundred marks—only in that case you will have to pay half on the nail.

A Refined Man.

Who is a smoker, always insists on having the very best to be had in cigars or tobaccos. Ladies purchasing Xmas or New Year's gifts for their gentlemen friends may be assured of getting the very choicest if the selection is made from the stock of the palace cigar and tobacco store kept by G. W. Muller, nine King Street West.

Talking Shop.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Pawson's ribs in the basket for him.
John (briskly)—All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg.

How to Make Tokay "Cup."

Tokay "Cup," made from the celebrated California Tokay (San a Clara Valley Vineyard), is now so popular that we have had cards printed with instructions how to make it. WM. MARRA, 79 Yonge street, Toronto.

"Wonderfully active old fellow, that man Binks," said De Eff; "he told me that his legs were so limber he could kick himself in the back. I couldn't do that—and I'm not half his age." "You don't need to," said Hawkins; "almost anybody would be glad to do it for you."—Judge.

True Refinement.

In no way do we more clearly evince true refinement than in our selection of perfumes. We are direct importers and our stock includes all the special odors of the famous makers. Nothing nicer for Christmas or New Year gifts can be selected than a fancy or cut glass atomizer filled with choice perfume. We have the best to be had in atomizers at wholesale prices. Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge street.

George (nervously)—I'd like the best in the world, Kitten, to marry you, but I don't know how to propose. Kitten (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me, now go to papa.—London Fun.

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A TALE OF A CAP.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

"It's a lovely house, so quaint and interesting, with such funny little nooks and corners starting off outdoors from everywhere. You must come out and see us soon!"

That is what Mrs. Perry said to each of her dearest friends when she and her husband went to live in the country.

It was an old house, set back from the road, with trees and evergreen shrubs in the lumpy lawn. If the truth of the matter was for publication, it must be admitted that its chief recommendation was its low rent. Ralph Perry said so, and his wife must have known his mind on the subject, but he was prosaic and candid and Mrs. Perry was neither. She described the place to her friends with so much adroitness that it got abroad the Perrys had come in for some money. No one said so, but a suggestion was broadened into a suspicion, developed into an inference and set down for a fact.

Mrs. Perry enjoyed the rumor—it was very tasty to her vitiated little mental palate. Ralph would have frowned at it, but then Ralph didn't hear of it, which was clever of Mrs. Perry.

They bought a great many new things for the country house—things they needed, things they thought they needed, and things they should have done without, considering that the real reason for their going out of town was to reduce expenses. Mrs. Perry was not exactly extravagant, but she had a great many wants—sturdy, well-developed wants, demanding entire and speedy satisfaction. She was a rich man's daughter, and Ralph was paying the price all poor men pay when they marry up the money ladder, instead of in their own financial ring or, better still, below it. He, too, had tastes beyond his means, but he could crowd them into his necessity box, and he did it regularly every pay day. Madeline meant well, and she figured a good deal over her housekeeping accounts, but Monday's dinner was always quite elaborate and Saturday's very plain. The Saturday retrenchment gave her a feeling of economical righteousness, and she was disposed to condone any discrepancy in her accounts, while it never occurred to her that the little allowance could be made to spread itself more evenly over the week.

The Perrys' house had the reputation for being haunted—an old doctor had died there all alone, and it was reported that he still at intervals endeavored to summon the neighbors to be with him in the reiteration of his dying agonies. This being the case, the arrival of tenants was a satisfaction to more than one timid girl who had to pass the place after nightfall.

The neighbors were agog and a-gossip, and Mrs. Renolds, whose little parlor windows gave into the Perrys' yard, had more callers in a day than a week had usually brought her.

The day the first load of furniture came to Twin Elms (Mrs. Perry named the place the day they decided to lease it, and never referred to it in another way), Mrs. Renolds had enough callers for a tea-meeting.

"They ain't goin' to put down no carpets," shrieked old Mrs. Porter. "My Nance's man is helpin' with the liftin' and they ain't got nothin' but big mats."

"My! air they that poor!" said Mrs. Brown. She was the dapper little wife of a dapper little man whose father had left him rich, and her long gold ear-rings and her black silk were the envy of the whole township.

"Tain't that—they black their floors, some dark an' some lighter, an' then rub ole on. They like it better that way than 'th carpets," returned Mrs. Porter, puffed up with pride at having the news.

"Daary me!" sighed Granny Drayton, "mus' be so cold to step on when they're stockin'-footed. Give me a good rag carpet that goes clean to the wall!"

"Oh, it's just some savin' way, depend on't," sniffed Mrs. Brown. "City people hev each skimpin' ways. They go 'long savin' on their butter 'n milk an' flash it out in clothes, and they'll put up with any sort o' a make-shift and putend it's style."

"Say, they've got a hired girl, an' she's got a cap on; like Granny's fur all the world!" It was Miss Bryce who gave the company this piece of news, and immediately ten heads bumped one another at the tiny little window.

"Air you goin' to call on her?" asked Mrs. Buntin after a little. She had a daughter married in the city, and was consequently supposed to have social usages at her tongue-end and finger-tips. "Say we do," began one, and then they discussed the subject until it was time to go home for tea.

The next week most of them were again gathered together in Mrs. Renolds' parlor. They discussed Mrs. Perry's window-shades, her bird-cage and her pug dog. "Ugly little snarlin' thing," said Granny Drayton; "looks s'ef he'd had a good dose o' castor ole poured down 'im."

"They're dreadful, 'orlin'—him and her," began Mrs. Renolds. "If you'd jest see her put down the yard to meet him when he comes, an' they're kissin', each other a good part o' the time they're settin' under the trees. I kin see 'em behind my winder-blind. I guess they mus' be bride an' groom."

"Well, they ain't," was Mrs. Porter's sturdy correction. "They've been married three years, Nance's man had it from the hired girl."

Mrs. Porter enjoyed the distinction of being the only person in the room related to a person who had been in the house, and she made the most of her importance.

"There's her girl cleanin' the windows!" said someone, and the ten heads bobbed into line with the window.

They gossiped on. Mary Gile's little baby was dead—poor Mary! But it was better far her, of she could only take it that way; what with her six young ones and her brute of a man, it was a wonder she wasn't tucked out long ago.

Jane Hamby was home far holidays an' to git nussed up. She'd scarce cast a shadder, she was that pore. Standin' on her feet in the 'shop all day done it.

There were others talked of too—"old Daddy Marry, dyin' with his ninetieth birthday jest two days off, ef he could only hold out fur it." Susie Bray, who "got the most expensivest weddin' fixin's an' who didn't seem to be livin' happy with her man after all." The Garrys, who "went to the city fur their new parlor chairs an' got an ornan fur their 'dopted daughter—treatin' her jest like their own folks."

The company was discussing the wisdom and the folly of adoption, when Granny Drayton, who had been staring drowsily out of the window, threw up her hands, jostled her glasses into her lap and screamed, "Glory! See 'em!"

"Glory!" was the one expletive Granny permitted herself. She thought its flavor of protracted meeting atoned for its strength. They all bustled to the window, and could see nothing. They rolled their eyes from Granny to the window and from the window back to Granny, and piled her with eager questions. The poor old woman was bewildered. Her old blue eyes were starting from her wrinkled face, her gray hair was tumbling. She clasped and unclasped her hands and wiped her driving toothless mouth with a stumpy finger, rocking furiously all the time.

"I see'd 'im, I see'd 'im!" she cried. "He come right up to the door an' she met 'im an' they kissed right there afore us all, an' afore all the folks passin' on the road."

Curiosity wilted and some of the women looked very pilyingly at Granny.

"Well, it's panderin' to the flesh, sech doin's, no doubt, an' givin' bad patterns to the young, but it ain't a matter to fine 'em fur. He kin kiss his own wife fur all o' me."

"Twan't his own wife!" screamed Granny Drayton.

The women all gathered around her again. "What! Who?" they cried.

"It wuz the hired girl!"

The stumpy old finger pointed tragically to the Perrys' front door and then moved slowly around to the company of women. "Did ye think I'd make sech mouths at him kissin' his lawful wedded partner?"

No one answered. Granny was too indignant to be reasoned with. Besides, everybody had important business on hand. The scandal must be sowed, garnered and threshed out before sunset.

A couple of days after a few of the leading lights among the gossips were again gathered together. It had been decided that it was their duty to go and inform Mrs. Perry of the "shameful goin's-on." Mrs. Brown had been named as one delegate of public opinion, and Mrs. Buntin, on account of the social status before mentioned, was asked to accompany her.

They went bravely up the walk and rang the bell. The pug dog came around from the piazza and snarled at them, winning a prominent place in Mrs. Brown's annals of ugliness.

"Pugs is like fools," she afterwards said; "they gain by keepin' their mouths shut."

Mrs. Perry admitted them herself and led them into her pretty drawing-room. It was a handsome room, with its polished floor and rugs, its bits of quaint pottery, its artistic draperies, its growing plants and great vases of the sweet shrub blossoms which bloomed so bravely in the garden.

Mrs. Buntin was ill at ease. The undertaking was a little beneath her, but Mrs. Brown proved herself its blundering equal.

"We've come to tell you somethin' fur your own good," she began, and Mrs. Perry opened her little brown eyes and sat a trifle stiffly in her chair.

"How do you like the house?" began Mrs. Buntin, in a strictly agreeable tone, feeling that matters were a little strained.

"Very much," answered Mrs. Perry, with no perceptible desire to prolong that branch, or, in fact, any branch of the conversation.

"Find it pretty lonely, I guess," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, just now; my maid left on Wednesday, and my new one is not coming till tomorrow."

The visitors stared and Mrs. Brown went on. "Might I make so bold as to ask if you sent her off?"

"Yes, I dismissed her," Mrs. Perry replied, flushing with anger at the tone of the query.

"Well, I'm real glad you did," was Mrs. Brown's comment, "for she was a huzzy—a shameful huzzy. We saw her and your husband—a kissin' each other at the front door, an' that's what we come to talk with you an' kinder advise you 'bout."

Madeline sat perfectly upright, flushed and angry, and stared at the two women. Then she grew very pale and said with biting emphasis:

"You saw nothing of the kind. I opened the door for my husband at four o'clock and it was his wife he kissed. You can go back and tell that to your prying friends."

Mrs. Buntin looked pityingly at her, but said in a tone of incontrovertible authority, "It wuz the hired girl. We saw her cap!"

Mrs. Perry's face grew redder. Her eyes dropped for a moment and tears of mortification glistened as she raised them again and blurted out: "No, it wasn't. I had on the cap. My maid left unexpectedly—I wanted the windows cleaned and I did them myself, and I wore Mary's cap. I did not want everyone to think I was doing that kind of work. I'm not accustomed to it." She flung her head up at the last and the women stared.

"My husband came home early," Madeline went on. "I ran to let him in and I forgot the cap."

This second story followed the first one about town and was only half believed, women as a rule giving it as their opinion that she made up the story to shield her husband, and they lamented aloud the long-suffering, the patience and down-troddenness of their sex.

Mrs. Perry sobbed out her anger and grew penitent for her foolish little cap escapade while she told it all to her husband that night, and he laughed a little and comforted her vain little soul by assuring her that whatever the old gossips thought, he considered that cap "mighty becoming" to her.

But Mrs. Perry decided she did not care for the country, and Twin Elms was "to let" again in another month.

Ottawa, Dec. 16.

Windsor Salt, Purest and Best.

How He Might Try a Wheel.

When Mr. Frank W. Oakes was fourteen years of age the modern bicycle did not exist; for it was twenty years ago. And even if that lively little vehicle had been as common a thing as it is now he would have been barred from riding it. Not for want of money or of wish, but for a reason he sets forth in these words: "When I was fourteen years old I had pains all over my body and rheumatism in every joint." And after that he suffered with it off and on for twenty years—up to date, almost, as he only got rid of it about fifteen months since. So, as he is still a young man, he has plenty of time left for wheeling or for any other physical amusement that he has been so long shut out from.

Mr. Oakes will please accept our sympathy in respect of what he passed through, not only because it was so painful and disabling, but because it was a sort of outrage. A boy has no more business to have rheumatism than he has to have leprosy or delirium tremens. Rheumatism, says a certain eminent physician who practices medicine with his eyes open, "is the complaint of old age and decay."

Yet this poor boy was racked and tormented with it at a period when he ought to have been as free from aches as a sapling is from dry rot. How on earth did it happen? Let Mr. Oakes tell his story first and then we will see.

After relating the facts already mentioned he says: "I could not bear anything to touch me and was almost frantic with pain night and day. I lay in bed perfectly helpless for thirteen months, and had to be lifted whenever it was necessary for me to move. After this attack I had St. Vitus' dance, owing to my weakness. Every winter I had attacks similar to the first but milder, when I would be laid up for two or three weeks. I lived in constant dread of these attacks, as the slightest cold would bring them on."

In this general condition I continued year after year, during which time I tried one doctor after another and all kinds of remedies I heard of. But nothing gave me any relief until the rheumatic outbreak had run its course. In January, 1892, I had the influenza followed by my old enemy; and a doctor attended me for a fortnight without doing me any good. Then I gave the doctor up and tried the medicine you know about, which had been strongly recommended to me by a friend. After I had taken only a few doses of this the pain was much lessened and I was able to get up. I got back to my work feeling better than I had done for years. Now I take an occasional dose and keep in the best of health. Had I known of it sooner what an amount of torture it would have saved me. I feel it in my duty to set this statement, as everyone with this awful complaint ought to know what has done so much for me. I will gladly answer enquiries. Yours truly (signed) Frank W. Oakes, 98 Empire street, West Derby Road, Liverpool, May 2, 1895.

For our little investigation. What brought rheumatism upon this lad of fourteen? He inherited it. That is to say, he inherited from his parents, or from their parents, a digestive weakness which—undreamed of by them or by him—filled his blood with the especial poison of both gout and rheumatism.

During his childhood his kidneys, bowels and skin were insufficiently active to carry it off nearly or quite as rapidly as it accumulated. Then came the particular exposure which blocked those organs and the poison exploded within him; in other words, he had an attack of acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever—the same things.

At the end of this prime cause—indigestion and dyspepsia—became an established condition of his system, the poison was constantly supplied, and an attack followed every cold or act of exposure—as he says. After his youth had begun this miserable process (almost wasted indeed) he was cured by the use of Selig's Syrup, to which his friend fortunately directed his attention. But what a pity! that limping on towards manhood over a road full of pitfalls and beset with thorns.

The point to remember—and we want you to remember it like the chorus of a popular song—is this: to cure rheumatism in both young and old you must cure the torpid stomach and liver; and to do this we commend once more (with Mr. Oakes)—Mother Selig's Curative Syrup.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Overseas—London Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

VENUS.—I am like a puppy-dog, fair goddess, having all my troubles on me at once. I am, in three back-hand studies has turned up, and what can I say? I think your writing must be the proverbial last straw; it is beyond my graphology!

GRANT.—I guess perhaps you had better wait till you grow older for a delineation, as well. Your writing shows much of the school-room. The rules which accompany the coupon give everyone the hint to address Correspondence Column, neither air nor madam being at all necessary.

QUEEN MAD.—I am quite glad your lines have fallen in pleasant places, and awfully sorry your friend's delineation did not please her. I am always very loth to tell of unhappy trials. This study is decidedly heavy—a hearty, healthy, happy sort of an effort, very prone to jobs at cost, and to waste (if not) there is plenty of good nature, humor and love of fun; first-rate discretion, some ambition and a little selfishness. You like to be comfortable, and never get left if you can help it.

FLAP DOCKER TALK.—You are rather inclined to be sharp in judgment and generally a difficult person to manage, because your nature is uncompromising. You despise effort to please and thereby lose the charm of many little traits which you need to fully equip you in the art of making friends. You are distinctly a materialist, practical, impatient of theory and very much lacking in culture of the highest sort. There is too much character here not to deserve better handling and comprehension than you give to it.

MAID.—I am sure the photographer, the dentist and I feel very much obliged to your ladyship! A nice trio! Your writing shows great imagination, a rapid grasp of all facts; a decidedly sentimental tendency, inclined to mistrust and despondency under any strain. You are somewhat original, rather disposed to be censorious, wavering in constancy. I declare I pity your victims, Maud, dear. You love pretty things and agreeable people who flatter you. I am sure you will always look out for number one. Your writing suggests the foreigner, and rather modifies some of your traits as given above.

KID.—There could be nothing worse than conceit, my girl. It is the most petty and hindering thing I know of. The self-satisfied person has lost growth and life in the true sense. He is joined to his idols and even Heaven gives him up. I don't find conceit, but I do find a rather silly self-consciousness which is almost natural in young things. The writing is bold, honest and generous, somewhat pig-headed and bigoted in opinions, reasonably careful of appearance and discreet when necessary. It isn't by any means a formed hand, might have been written by a girl of fourteen, but it promises good things in time.

VENUS.—I am glad the D.T.'s are not catching, my friend, and feel thankful that you guarantee my safety. You are one of the sociable people of the earth, depending largely on your associates and not having strong reserve. You are self-willed, a trifle prejudiced, and I should not rely on your judgment of men and women. You have,

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however, bright perception and high sense of honor, are careful of details and very firm in purpose. There are some lovable traits about you, and decided originality. I wish you very well in your profession, which is at once the most noble and the most absorbing a woman can choose.

JACK.—A very determined and decidedly forceful character, of firm will and purpose, independent and self-respecting, decidedly unresponsive and a good deal disposed to be content with conventional surroundings and ideas; careful and cautious in word and action, but generous rather than niggardly, exceedingly mindful of details and desirous of perfection; a truly concrete character, wasting very little effort, and while not a logical reasoner, still generally just and fair. This character could stand a little more trills and flummery; at present it looks somewhat cold and unapproachable. Good taste is shown.

RECKWOLD.—I don't know how you got in here, before your turn, but you are a smart fellow, and I dare say it's not your first. Now, I am going to be hard on you. I don't like your variable impulses, though you are so honest so honorable, and so true to yourself. You have some settled principles, but not enough, and are apt to waver under a strain. It is, however, a very good study, a trifle lacking in hope and ambition; plenty of feeling and a conscientious regard for detail, neatness, order and a practical business mind seem strongly indicated; you would, I fear, conceal your feelings sometimes and pass for a stick, but you're got 'em all the same.

CROFT.—Even if he be backhand, there is quite a deal of character in it, but a character at present in a state of chaos, needing experience and perhaps some trouble to bring it into shape. You are very frank and sometimes foolish in expressing opinions; those open a's and o's seem to blab secrets at every letter, but there isn't a line of malice or self-seeking; you could adapt yourself to circumstances and take rough and smooth cheerfully. I think you're inclined to exact your pound of flesh, and rather weigh every bit of affection you give and receive. A curious mixture of mistrust and confidence which would lead to no good results if your life depended on yourself, is shown. This does not sound very good, Croppy, but it is all I can do till you shake yourself up and develop what is in you. You lack buoyancy, hope and ambition to make your way.

BERTIE BENTANO.—This very erratic chirography on pink lines is a most difficult matter to delineate. I fancy I had a second letter from you, telling me you had discovered who was the author of Vashit, before I made you wiser in that respect. I wish I had that letter by me now. I think I can get enough from your envelope. The lines are weak in will and defective in purpose. I don't think the writer could ever make a mark where enterprise and perseverance had to combine. Tact, taste, sympathy and sweetness of temper are yours, but the guiding purpose is wanting, bringing definite aims into a purposeless life. Such are the women made contented and happy by marriage, the men who enjoy "settling down." You are not void of talents, but you are overconfident and need some careful discipline and judicious pruning. Don't be mad at the graphologist. We all need it, more or less.

Husband and Wife.

Tallich Rudschin.

The latest work published by Gustav Wied, a modern Scandinavian writer, contains the following diatribe: "You often hear it said of a married couple that they lead a cat and dog life. Why, to be sure; the wife is the wicked, cunning, silly, lying, unintelligent, crafty, mean-spirited cat; the husband, the good, generous, clever, truthful, docile, improving, noble-hearted dog."

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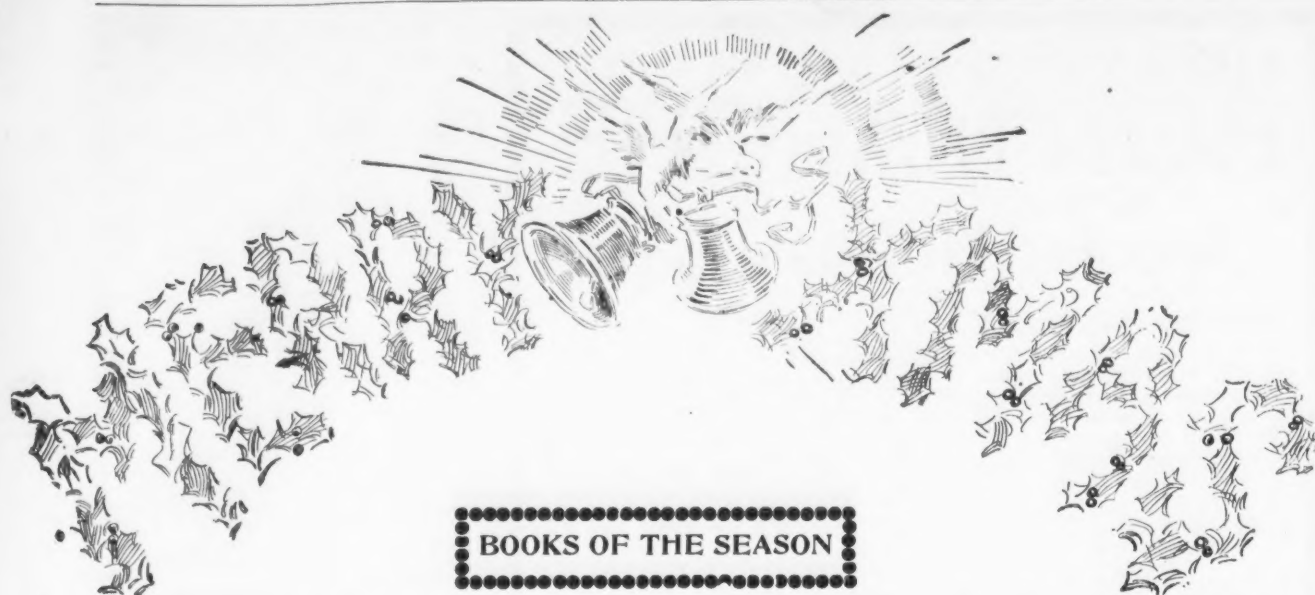
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A form divine, fair maid, have you—
My soul's a-whirl!

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—Dundas Star



BOOKS OF THE SEASON

It might be well to say that those living out of town can secure any book recommended last week for presentation purposes, by sending in a cash order by mail to whichever bookdealer was mentioned as handling the volume desired. Some of the bookdealers are very anxious to build up an out-of-town trade, so that correspondents may rest assured of fair treatment and prompt responses. I have had some experience in small towns, and were I again to reside in a place where the bookstores were not well up-to-date, I should write to William Briggs, Funk & Wagnalls, Fleming H. Revell and others to secure their catalogues and announcements as they are issued from time to time. I might not have a fortune to spend upon books, but in this way could keep posted upon what was being published, and could send now and then for some book that promised well. A vast deal more money would be spent on books in Ontario if people only knew the price of new books and where they could be had. Usually, unless a town has a population of about five thousand no local bookseller feels called upon to be enterprising. A bookdealer should be an authority upon the subject of books, reading or examining all his volumes, posting himself upon the newest thing out. In saying this, I am mentally contrasting various bookdealers of my acquaintance, some of whom know less of their books than a grocer knows of his bars of soap. They can give a customer no assistance whatever in selecting the proper thing or in finding what he wants. There are others who seem to have read and doted over every volume you can name. If you want a book for presentation to a young lady they recommend something that at once suits your taste. In every way they prove to be expert, the geniuses of the trade. When you find a man like that deal with him, for he is invaluable to a reading man.

A Book of Tales by Many Tellers has just been issued by the Editor Publishing Company of Franklin, Ohio, and the story that opens the book is by William Bleasdel Cameron, author of *A Reconnaissance at Fort Ellice in Saturday Night's Christmas*. The tale in question is called *Loud Voice's Adopted Son*, and is a story of the Cree Indians.

Mr. I. K. Funk, head of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls, has sent us a circular letter, pointing out that the American reprinters of an English dictionary, have circulated in all directions a list of indelicate words, with their definitions, crediting these to the Standard Dictionary, and implying that the Standard is a dictionary unfit for decent people. Eighteen words are thus picked out from among the three hundred thousand in the dictionary. Mr. Funk points out that fifteen out of the eighteen are in the Century and in every other unabridged work, and that the Bible and Shakespeare's works could, by the same process, be shown to be unfit for the hands of children. Only the very ignorant can, I think, be influenced by such circulars. Those who once discover the Standard Dictionary will use no other. Mr. Funk appropriately closes his letter as follows: The old story will be remembered of a woman accusing Samuel Johnson, shortly after his dictionary had been published, with, "Dr. Johnson, I am so sorry that you put in your dictionary the naughty words." "Madame," retorted the doctor, "I am sorry that you have been looking for them."

It is already announced that Ian MacLaren (Rev. J. M. Watson of Liverpool) whose portrait appeared on this page last week, has been secured for a lecturing tour in the United States and Canada next winter. He will draw immensely. No other living man has such a hold upon the affections of the world. It is not generally known that Mr. William Ferguson of 681 Spadina avenue, Toronto, is a brother-in-law to Rev. Mr. Watson. We have not quite the effrontery to claim Ian MacLaren as a Canadian, but we hold him with a marriage tie.

Annals of the Court of Oberon is a new book that should be in some demand, for, as its title indicates, it possesses matter interesting to those who know anything of fairy lore. The author is a Canadian, moreover, Mr. J. Hunter Duvor of Prince Edward Island, who has had several books published. We claim him as a Canadian, although I believe he is an Englishman of somewhat independent means who has made for himself an old-fashioned home in this new country, and in comparative seclusion gratifies his scholarly tastes. Some of his short stories have appeared in *SATURDAY NIGHT*. The *Annals of the Court of Oberon* make a charming story, and the book is, I think, Mr. Duvor's best contribution to literature. Digby, Long & Co. of London are the publishers, and as the work is very suitable for the holiday season, it would be well to enquire for it at the book stalls when you are on a buying or "examining" tour.

A capital new book for the host of people who enjoy reading the experiences and quaint

opinions of Josiah Allen's Wife, is *Samantha in Europe*, just published by Funk & Wagnalls. Her last volume, *Samantha at the World's Fair*, had such a success and Samantha made so many acquaintances that she induced Josiah to go over to Europe to return the visit paid America by the crowned heads and dukes and things during the Fair. The experiences of the home-bodies on their trip are told in the story, and illustrated with pen and ink drawings by De Grimm. It is a fine, big book, too, handsomely bound in cloth, \$2.50; half Russia, \$4.

One of the books recommended last week for boys and young men was *Successward* by Edward W. Bok, published by Fleming H. Revell. Mr. Bok is editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and his articles to young men in that paper are well known. In his book he indulges in some plain talk to young men, advising them against the things that attract by their glitter, and he makes a fine defence of many of the homely old virtues that are too often scoffed at by young fellows who like to be thought up-to-date. It is a timely and sound book.

Marion Crawford's twenty-fifth novel, *Casa Braccio*, has just been published (Toronto News Co.) and can be had in a cardboard box for mailing. It is in two-volume form, and in binding is similar to his former works. Mr. Crawford, who is an American, began life as a journalist, and visited India as a correspondent of a New York paper. His strictures on British rule were not favorably received. Seized by a sudden impulse towards fiction, he wrote his first novel, *Mr. Isaac*, in a fortnight. This facility of composition has brought him to his twenty-fifth romance while he is still in his prime. As Mr. Crawford is a Roman Catholic, the principal incident in *Casa Braccio*, the elopement of a nun, must be causing some heart-burning in the Catholic world.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has every reason to feel pleased with the reception accorded his two books, the biographies of Sir John Thompson and William Ewart Gladstone, by the press and the reading public of Canada. The books have sold well, so well indeed that, in connection with successes made by other



J. Castell Hopkins.

books, we are at last in a position to deny the charge that Canadians have a deep-seated and hereditary antipathy to the buying of books. This was said of us as a people when the copyright wrangle was at its height. I understand that Mr. Hopkins leaves for England in February and will spend a couple of months in touring the Old Country.

"The air of Canada," says the *Canadian Bookeller and Stationer*, "seems to favor the poets, every prospect (save that of financial returns) pleases, and only man is vile"—that is the man who can and won't place our Canadian poets beside his Longfellow and Shelley and Tennyson." In a recent lecture Mr. Hall Caine spoke as follows:

"The folks who are forever deploring the past, and asking us where are the great novelists, the great painters and the great poets of our time, are perhaps like the tourist who went to Iceland to look for the lava streams. He tramped day after day over the charred and serried face of the dried-up lava of that volcanic land, without seeing anything that answered to his idea of streams. 'But where are the lava streams?' he asked. 'Where are the lava streams?' said the guide. 'Why, you are sitting on them, sir.' And perhaps the people who are forever crying 'Where are your novelists and your poets?' are sitting on them just as certainly."

All of which is very comforting to the poets! Whilst I think that some of our poets over-rate themselves, yet at this softening season

of the year I am prepared to admit that much good verse has been written by "the Canadian school of poets," and to suggest that the time is appropriate for the purchase of a few volumes of native verse.

The recent death of Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary to Her Majesty the Queen, created a great commotion, apparently, in the editorial offices of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's paper, *To-Day*. A serial novel was running in the paper, dealing with the theft of the great Koh-i-Noor diamond, and Her Majesty and Sir Henry were boldly introduced as characters. When the private secretary died, the story was abruptly concluded in a few paragraphs, wherein the diamond was restored to Her Majesty and the wicked duchess, who committed the theft, was summarily disposed of.

My Little Friend, by John Strange Winter, the serial which was concluded in our last issue, will soon be placed upon the market in book form.

Mr. Gilbert Parker was married in New York on December 5 to Miss Vantine, and will return to London after New Year's.

The *Canadian Churchman* of December 12 is a really fine Christmas number. It has a very appropriate cover, and some good pictures effectively illustrate the matter which breathes the spirit of "Peace on Earth."

It is a well known fact that the late Baron James Rothschild was on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated to him several of his novels. One day when about to proceed to Germany, and being, as was often the case, in rather straitened circumstances, Balzac applied to the Baron, who, with his habitual generosity, handed him the sum of 3,000 francs and at the same time a letter of introduction, addressed to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, as is usual in such cases. Balzac read it, thought its tone rather cool, trivial, and altogether inadequate (he was always puffed up with conceit, poor fellow). He scorned to deliver it, and returned to Paris with the autograph in his pocket. On his arrival he waited upon the great banker.

"Well," said the Baron, "did you see my nephew?"

Balzac boldly confessed that he had kept the letter.

"I am sorry, for your sake," said the Baron; "have you it by you?"

"Why, certainly; here it is."

"Do you observe this little mark below the signature? It gave you an open credit on our Vienna bank to the extent of 25,000 francs."

Balzac bit his lips. Why, oh! why did he open that letter?

Three excellent numbers of McMillan's Colonial Library are just announced by the Copp, Clark Co., viz.: *A Set of Rogues* by Frank Barrett, *Not Exactly* by E. M. Stooke, and *The Shoulder of Shasta* by Bram Stoker. Copp, Clark also announce two new numbers of T. Fisher Unwin's Autonym series, *The Spectre of Strathmann* by W. E. Norris, and *Another Wicked Woman* by G. A. Grant-Forbes. A new and important Pseudonym is Cause and Effect by Ellinor Melrion.

Sharp Lad.

Tit-Bits.

An old gentleman who had dismounted from his horse walked into a wayside inn, and left the animal in charge of a barely clad urchin. But on returning he found another boy holding his horse. He scanned the little destitute through his eye-glasses, and exclaimed:

"Well, but you're not the boy I left my horse with!"

"No, sir," said the boy; "I jist specklated, and bought 'im of t'other boy for a harpenny."

The boy received a "threepenny" for his straightforwardness.

The Bill Was Paid.

Scottish Nights.

M'Rad and his wife were going over their business ledger one evening, contemplating the overdue accounts which its pages revealed, and reluctantly acknowledging that many of them would have to be written off as bad.

"What'll ye dae about this one?" said M'Rad mournfully; "here's two pund aucht shillings for a coat and vest been owing' by Elder Doolittle since Martinmas last. I'm fearn' we'll no get the money."

"Weel, I'm no sae sure," replied his wife. "Leave me to try, onyhow."

Accordingly, the next sabbath morning, when the collection was taken up, Mrs. M'Rad dropped the elder's "little bill," neatly folded up, into the plate, and before the week was over the amount was paid.

"Kirsty woman," said M'Rad joyfully, "marriage may be a lottery, but I'm thinking I've drawn a prize."

Attorney for the defence—Now, what time was it when you were held up? Complainant—I don't know; ask your client—he took my watch.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Social and Personal.

Very frequently we discover that impostors pretending to represent SATURDAY NIGHT gain admission to social functions, and secure privileges at concert halls and other public places. The latest instance occurred last week, when an alleged sketch artist, presumably connected with some paper of poor repute, induced certain ladies and gentlemen taking part in the Country and Hunt Club performance at the Princess Theater, to pose for sketches which it was said the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT was particularly anxious to secure. This person was an impostor. When an artist or unknown representative of this paper is sent anywhere, he or she always carries proper credentials, and we desire those who are hereafter approached in the name of SATURDAY NIGHT to ask for and retain these credentials, and to treat those who are not so equipped as impostors deserving to be treated. This system of imposture has grown into an abuse and we desire to put a stop to it.

On Saturday evening Mr. Sears and Mrs. Humphrey of Pembroke street gave a small musicale, at which Miss Gurney played charmingly, as usual, Miss Smart sang a couple of songs, Dr. Saunders gave a flute solo, and Monsieur Le Simple, who came back for the occasion, played a number of times. An episode of the evening, which was a little tribute to the magician of the cello, was the ruin of a dainty morsel of embroidery and lace called by courtesy a handkerchief, and which was rent into shreds by the girl who owned it, under the strong nervous excitement caused by Monsieur Le Simple's playing. Not only handkerchief rending took place, for many bright eyes were dim and voices dumb as the cellist finished his last solo. Monsieur Le Simple sailed for Antwerp on Wednesday, leaving many friends in Canada. On Friday evening Mr. Jarvis and Monsieur Le Simple gave a most successful concert in Peterboro', where the cellist was the guest of Mr. Benedict, Bank of Montreal.

Teas are legion. A couple of pretty ones were given on Monday on the West Side, so far west indeed that many of us regretfully gave them up as impossible when we looked over our Monday visiting list.

A correspondent writes as follows: The ball given by the Narcissus Social Club in Confederation Life Building on Friday evening of last week was a delightful affair in every respect, and was attended by about three hundred guests. The committee, composed of the following gentlemen: W. J. Duncan, A. T. Dodgeon, R. A. Walker, L. E. Moyer, J. C. Taylor, T. F. Fleming, E. R. Cameron, H. R. McCleary, and W. T. Fisher, are to be congratulated on having spared no pains to make the affair a perfect success. The floor was in excellent condition and the music exceptionally good. Some of those whose dresses were particularly noticed were: Mrs. A. W. Burgess in gown of shot silk with pearl trimmings; Miss Grant, in white silk; Mrs. Robinson, white satin and lace; Miss Dixon wore a striking costume of buttercup silk; Miss Ellston of Thornhill, white satin and pearls; Miss Carrie Ellston, bluish pink silk with Nile green trimmings; Miss Hall, black satin and jet; Miss Wilson, white muslin with blue ribbons; Miss Platt, white cashmere with yellow silk trimmings; Miss Mills of Peterboro', yellow crepon; Mrs. Pember, white satin with silver trimmings; Miss Tasker, pink and black; Miss Allen, white muslin and violets.

Mr. Archie Barker, who has been in town for a short time, left for home yesterday.

Captain and Mrs. Forester have taken up their abode temporarily at 50 St. George street, having given up their house at 238 Wellington street on account of the locality not agreeing with Mrs. Forester. They will settle elsewhere as soon as a suitable house can be secured.

Tea cards might just as well read from five to six, for very few people turn up previous to five o'clock, and if one is belated and arrives at half-past six one is apt to collide with the musicians packing their instruments and the waiters scurrying about with piles of plates, while the tired hostess has to be unearthed from the tea-room, where she is being purred over and fed by half a dozen girls who look as bright and perky as they did before the fray. Isn't this true?

Mrs. Patton's tea on Saturday was largely attended and included many members of the sterner sex, from grandpas to innocent-looking young men, whose inches made many a small, crushed feminine sigh in envy. The usual party of young ladies assisted some trim white-capped maids in the dining-room to serve all sorts of dainties. Flowers and music were much in evidence; D'Alessandro's mandolins played nicely, and Madam Chrysanthemum quivered it everywhere. A lot of people came in late from Mrs. Carter's tea, and almost the limit of time was reached when the last guest said good-bye. Mrs. Patton received in a gown of buttercup faille, with dark velvet cuirass bodice, and was assisted by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Carlyle. A few of the guests who looked particularly bright and charming were: Mrs. (Dr) Macfarland in velvet, with a large dark hat; Mrs. Price Brown, in dove gray; Miss Nellie Macdonald, in a dainty silk gown, broadly banded in black and white; Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Mrs. Neville.

Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry's tea on Monday taxed the capacity of her pretty turreted house on Jarvis street to the utmost. It was a regular crush, and unusually fine were the gowns which were squeezed into a pot-pourri of fashionable shades and shapes, or no shapes, in the succession of dainty apartments en suite, which have seen so many pleasant gatherings. Mrs. Tackaberry was assisted by Miss Anderson of Glasgow, who, I hear, returns very shortly to her native Scotia, and Mrs. Herbert Walker had charge of a lot of pretty girls in the dining-room, where were goodies edible, and a great deal of fun. The buffet was in pink, with many shaded candles and delicate roses and carnations. Mrs.

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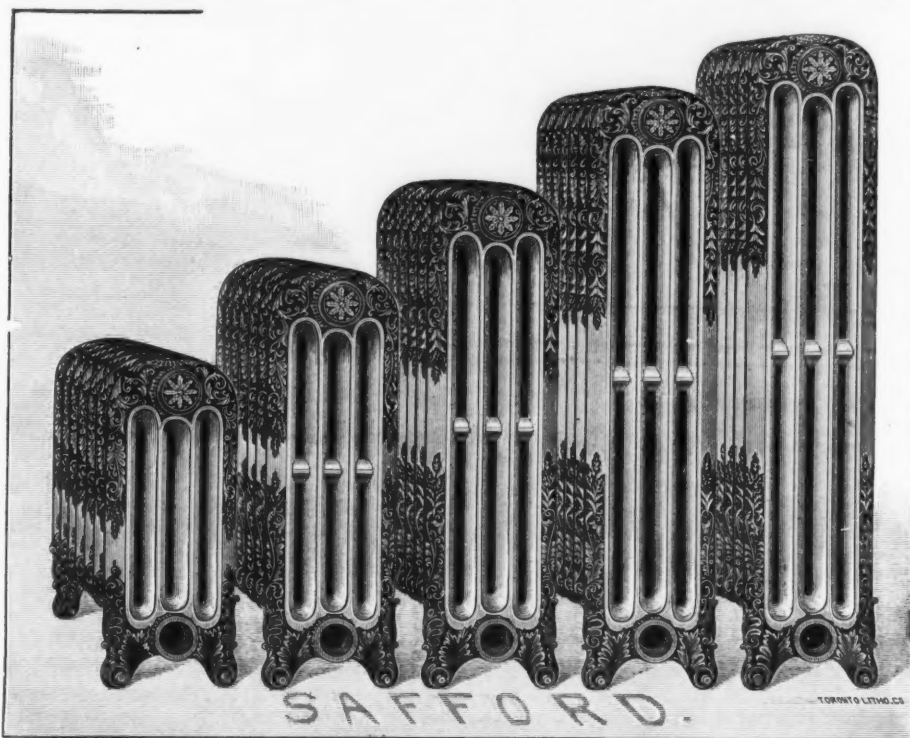
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Additional Music.

Alkens of College street, in a lovely gown, (but who ever saw her in anything else?) also assisted in the drawing-room. As to telling who were there, for what they wore, I confess I beyond me, but as I came away I heard a New York visitor remark, "That is the best dressed set of people I have seen in Toronto," and she added *sotto voce*, "how kind and cordial they are!"

Mrs. Malock's dance last evening and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn's tea this afternoon have occupied the hours of young and old in society.

Mr. and Mrs. Tait of Montreal came to town last week, and Mrs. Tait is still with her mother, welcomed back to her old home by legions of friends.

Everyone remarked how becoming and quaint was the German Gretchen dress, when Mrs. Gibson tripped jauntily on the stage at the Hunt Club Spectacle. The immense "sunburst" cap of white muslin and lace framed her little face so prettily. By the way, there is a little lady on the Hill who wears a Gretchen dress and looks an ideal maiden of the Fatherland in her gray and white frock with peasant bands of gold embroidery.

Mrs. Carter's tea on Saturday was much enjoyed by a large party, who found themselves, unhappily, without the kind and gracious welcome of their hostess, who was, unfortunately, prostrated by a severe nervous headache on the very day of her tea. Such a contretemps could not fail to cause much regret, but a moment's reflection showed that the best way to express sympathy was to forget the absence of the hostess, accept her able substitute, and enjoy the tea to the utmost, not such a hard matter when every detail was considered which could give pleasure to the guests. I am glad to hear that Mrs. Carter is now quite better.

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, the newly appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society, officiated in a similar capacity for several years prior to his removal to Toronto, at Ludlow, England. The Amateur Choral Society of that town presented Mr. Anger with a testimonial and address upon the occasion of his departure for Canada, in which his ability, tact and musicianship are spoken of in highest terms.

An organ recital was given at All Saints' church, Hamilton, recently by Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints', Toronto, the occasion marking the dedication of the new organ at the former church. Mr. Fairclough played a well chosen programme, representing all styles of organ music, in a manner for which he has won an enviable reputation among solo organists of this province. Mr. Walter H. Robinson of Toronto sang several solos with his usual success, and the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, also contributed to the programme. The large audience in attendance was most favorably impressed with the excellence of the service.

Mr. Stephen S. Dawson, organist of St. Mary Magdalen, has accepted the position of organist and choirmaster at Christ Church, Ottawa, and leaves for that city immediately after Christmas.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club have engaged Mme. Clementine de Vere Sapio and Mr. Plunkett Greene as soloists for their concert on February 6 next. These well known artists will prove strong attractions for the approaching concert of the Club and contribute much to the enjoyment and artistic success of this interesting annual event. The chorus, I am informed, is in excellent form this year and promises to give a good account of itself. Among other

numbers to be given by the Club this season, is an effective part-song by Mr. J. Humphrey Anger of this city, entitled Trelawney.

The London Musical Herald, the well known Tonic-Sol-Fa organ of England, publishes in its issue of December 2 a portrait and comprehensive biographical sketch of Mr. F. H. Torrington of this city. The same journal some time ago published a similar sketch of Mr. A. T. Cringan of Toronto, and has shown its interest in the progress of musical art in Canada by having during the past year invited other of our local musicians to furnish material for like articles.

The Mendelssohn Choir is actively preparing for the concert of this society on February 11 next. Among the works to be produced by the chorus on the occasion are a number of compositions which have not previously been heard in Toronto. The principal of these are Mendelssohn's splendid work for double choir, the Ninety-eighth Psalm, and Fanning's Dramatic Scene, Liberty, both of which are accompanied. The unaccompanied works include compositions by Orlando Lassus, Caldclott, Gounod, Macfarren, Sullivan, Nieldinger, Kjerulf, Mendelssohn and Buck. Of these, two each will be given by the ladies' and men's voices alone, thus lending variety to a carefully prepared programme of standard works of this class. The assisting artists will be Fannie Bloomfield-Zelizer, the phenomenal pianist, who has but recently returned to this country after a most triumphant tour through Europe, and Mr. W. H. Rieger, the popular tenor of New York. Subscriptions are already being received in large numbers, and one of the largest audiences of the season can safely be predicted for the date mentioned.

A violoncello recital was given by Miss Lillian Littlehales, A.R.C.M., of Hamilton, on Wednesday evening of last week at the Con-

servatory of Music. Miss Littlehales played an exacting and varied programme in a manner which demonstrated the great extent of her artistic progress since she was last heard here. Her course of study abroad has developed her technique to a remarkable degree. Her tone has gained in warmth and her style generally has matured and broadened in a very satisfactory manner. It is Miss Littlehales' intention to locate in New York as a solo cellist, a move which the admirable character of her performance at the recital under notice amply justifies.

An interesting vocal recital was given by pupils of Sig. Tesseman at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week. The recital introduced the following pupils: Misses Edith Jarvis, Annie Foley, Adelaide Lick, Lulu Dundas, Florence McPherson, Etta Petley, Maud Snarr, and Messrs. J. A. Carnahan and W. Taylor. The work of these pupils served to illustrate to good advantage the method of their master and the conscientious care which had been bestowed upon them in their study. Additional interest was lent the recital by the piano performances of several of Mr. Torrington's pupils, among whom might be mentioned Misses Ethel Husband, Mabel Tait and Lillian Landall.

A pupils' concert at the Metropolitan School of Music on Tuesday evening last introduced the following music students of that institution: Piano—Misses Dottie Sprague, Harriet S. Taylor, Gertrude White, Minnie Claxton, Annie J. Proctor and Maggie Mitchell; violin—Misses Cable and Winnett; vocal—Misses Mabel De Goer, Alice Malcolmson and Grace Milliken; elocution—Miss Florence Galbraith. The manner in which the programme was carried out reflected creditably upon the pupils and furnished satisfactory evidence of the character of instruction being imparted them by their teachers. MODERATO.

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Games of every kind, 3c, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c and
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tion size).
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39c, 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50 each.
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Every conceivable kind of Art Fancy Work
now in stock.
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and \$4.25.
White Metal Photo Frames, cabinet size, 25c
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Morocco-cover Bibles, yeped edge, 75c, \$1
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binding, gilt edges, 39c, 50c and 59c each.
Celluloid Glove and Handkerchief Boxes,
\$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 per set.

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Magnificent display of Men's Silk Ties, four-
in-hand and latest knots, 25c, 50c and 75c each.
Silk Embroidered Braces, each pair in sepa-
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\$3.90 and \$4.60 each.
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each.
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Births.

GREENE—Dec. 9, Mrs. H. D. Greene—a daughter.
MARSON—Dec. 11, Mrs. B. F. Marson—a son.
McALLISTER—Dec. 9, Mrs. G. D. McAllister—a son.
ARMSTRONG—Dec. 16, Mrs. Claude Armstrong—a son.
McBRADY—Dec. 5, Mrs. L. V. McBrady—a daughter.
PATERSON—Dec. 13, Mrs. Donald Paterson—a son.
ROBERTSON—Montreal, Dec. 3, Mrs. G. Robertson—a son.
NANTON—Dec. 16, Mrs. A. M. Nanton—a son.
THOMPSON—Dec. 17, Mrs. W. Thompson—a daughter.

MACLEAN—Dec. 18, Mrs. W. B. Maclean—a son.

Marriages.

HALES—SCOLEY—Dec. 11, James Hales to Marion Soley.
NEELANDS—DICKSON—Dec. 11, Dr. T. Neelands to
Annie Dickson.
ANDERSON—LOVE—Dec. 11, John A. Anderson to Mary
Emil Love.
GILL—BERNEY—Nov. 27, James Gill to Agnes Berney.

Deaths.

MORPHY—Dec. 16, Arthur W. Morphy.
MERRITT—Dec. 12, Rev. Robert Merritt, aged 69.
ALEXANDER—Dec. 17, Mrs. W. J. Alexander, aged 68.
GILMORE—Dec. 18, Robert Gilmore, aged 78.
VAN NOSTRAND—Dec. 18, John Van Nostrand, aged 71.

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